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The Week

AFTER leaving Pennsylvania, the next stop is Illinois! The searchlight of investigation is now to be turned on expenditures in the recent Senatorial primary in that state. The Senatorial committee which has been looking into the Pennsylvania orgy decided some time ago that as soon as Congress adjourns it will move to Chicago and continue its activities there. Since then Senator Caraway has made charges on the floor of the Senate which if confirmed will make the stigma attached to Illinois politicians quite as serious as that which now clings to the Pennsylvanians. Senator Caraway reports allegations that Senator McKinley, the unsuccessful Republican candidate, spent a million dollars, and his successful opponent, Frank L. Smith, twice that sum. The picture Senator Caraway paints is that of two groups of public utility interests fighting each other with reckless expenditure of funds to secure their ends. Among the reports is one to the effect that Samuel Insull gave $500,000 to the Smith war chest, and that E. H. Rollins and Sons contributed $100,000, coincident with a decision of the Illinois Utilities Commission, of which Smith was and is head, favorable to a $20,000,000 transaction in which the Rollins firm was interested. These statements are at present only rumors, lacking verification. They have been denied by the campaign managers for both Smith and McKinley, and suspension of judgment is only fair, pending the investigation by the Senate committee. It is impossible to forget, however, that the first charges of a similar character regarding Pennsylvania were met with equally vigorous denials. A month ago, the allegations which Senator Caraway reported would have seemed to most Americans fantastic. Today we know that politics is being played in America in precisely that fashion.

TWO important rumors are circulating about M. Caillaux's possible policy as French finance minister —one reassuring and the other disquieting. The first is that since the French Chamber will not ratify the American debt agreement as it stands, he intends to seek its revision by pressing for the adoption of a safeguard clause exempting France from payment except in so far as she receives German reparations. Such a clause would be justified by France's fiscal difficulties, and although it probably would not be accepted by the United States, the resulting failure of settlement would be, in our opinion, better than the ratification of the present disingenuous agreement. The disquieting rumor is that after forcing out of office Governor Robineau of the Bank of France he has installed officials who will consent to the use of the Bank's reserve to support the exchange market. Neither French gold nor any other should be used for this purpose until it is certain that the budget is and will remain in balance. Unless Caillaux produces effective measures for that central purpose everything else he may do for the franc will be in vain.

THE sudden, enforced resignation of the Liberal Mackenzie King government in Canada is another example of the widespread political consequences of prohibition. The government fell because of

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scandals in the customs service, and these were largely if not wholly the result of the vast business enterprise which has been built up about the smuggling of liquor into the United States. While the corruption in the Canadian customs was of the gravest character, there is no pretense that it involved more than a comparatively few men. The Mackenzie King government, however, commanding only a minority in Parliament and existing by sufferance of the Progressives, was unable to withstand the blow to its prestige. Arthur Meighen has again been asked to take the reins. If he does so, and survives the nearly inevitable general election with sufficient strength to make his continuance in office feasible, Canada will move markedly toward the right.

MR. CLIFFORD SHARP, editor of the New Statesman and author of the article on the British general strike in this issue of the New Republic, has unusual opportunities for close observation of British labor affairs. The new chapters which he adds to the history of the strike are extraordinarily enlightening, not to say piquant. Yet his interpretation of the meaning of the whole event need not be accepted as final—in this matter all varieties of comment are relevant and should be weighed. Our own opinion differs from that of Mr. Sharp when he concludes that the only way in which the strike succeeded was in demonstrating the ineffectiveness of a general strike unless used for avowedly revolutionary purposes and conducted with the accompaniment of violence. We are not persuaded that our own interpretation at the time was wholly incorrect. The strike was an impressive demonstration of the solidarity of the workers which emphasized as nothing else could have done the failure of Parliament to take effective action for reorganizing the coal industry. It created a precedent for action by a functional class to put pressure on Parliament where Parliament has egregiously failed. Without going so far as to be violently revolutionary or to be treated as such by the government—in spite of the number of times it was called so—it was revolutionary to the extent of making a breach in the doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of the political state whether right or wrong, efficient or inefficient.

OF course the bill now sponsored by the Conservative government to increase hours in the coal mines is not and cannot be the final outcome of the British crisis. Even the expert commission saw the futility of an increase in hours. Where the difficulty is low prices due to overproduction, you cannot solve it by increasing the total output. If you add to the hours of the individual workman, you aggravate the crisis, first by throwing still more coal on an already saturated market, and second by creating still more unemployment in an industry where inability to use a large part of the personnel is already the chief cause of misery for the workers. In adopting the program of longer hours the government has merely capitulated to the obstinate demand of the operators. Doubtless they want it because of the natural conclusion of the individual employer that unit labor costs may be reduced by more work for the same pay as well as by the same work for less pay. But what is the use of reducing costs if you reduce selling prices in greater proportion by the same act? Inexorable economic logic will force a better solution than this in time —if not under the Conservative government, then under another one. In the meantime we doubt whether the emphasis on the coal problem laid by the general strike will be forgotten.

WE publish in our correspondence columns this week a remarkable appeal on behalf of the English coal miners. It is signed by a group of leading church officials of Great Britain, and has the endorsement of a similar American group. The document tells its own story, and both because of its contents and because of the character of the signers, needs no endorsement; yet we are glad to call our readers' attention to it and to urge them to respond. The miners went on strike in the effort to prevent their almost unendurable conditions of employment being made worse. If you feel they were right, you owe them what aid you can give, to prevent their being starved out; if you feel they were wrong, you should still assist them in order to help prevent a settlement on the degraded basis of brute force.

BELLINGHAM, Wash., has recently been the scene of an extraordinary piece of communal and judicial tyranny. A nine-year-old boy has been forcibly taken away from his parents and placed in a Children's Home for no other reason than that his parents, on religious grounds, objected to having him forced to salute the flag in school. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tremain, are members of the Elijah Voice Society, a sect of religious extremists who acknowledge no authority other than God's. They refused to let their nine-year-old son, Russell, join in the ceremony of saluting the flag in school as required by law. The school authorities refused to let him attend without performing this bit of patriotic ritual, and when the Tremains kept him out of school a court order was obtained taking him from his parents. At first an attempt was made to bully his parents into abandoning their beliefs in favor of those held by Bellingham's best 100-percenters. The order was made temporary, revocable as soon as the Tremains gave in. Russell was first placed in a "detention home"—a combined prison and reformatory—where he could be made to suffer properly for his parents' obstreperousness. Though they had wept, as he did, at the parting, they remained firm in adherence to what they regard as a fundamental tenet of religion, re-

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ferred to by the jurist in the case, Judge W. P. Brown of the Superior Court, with rare human sympathy and understanding, as "their real or fancied conviction."

THE court order has therefore been made permanent. Russell was first "given out for adoption" to a family which wanted a nine-year-old boy, but the illness of the wife necessitated his return, and he is now in the Washington Children's Home. His parents have been refused permission to see him; he is being compelled to salute the flag regularly, and Judge Brown has issued a solemn warning that anyone advising him to do otherwise will be haled up for contempt of court. The plan is to turn him over presently to some other foster-parents for adoption so that he may, in the language of a local newspaper, be kept "in school and under proper training and environment." In other words, under the training and environment which produce such a masterpiece as Judge Brown. Meanwhile the Tremains have, still on religious grounds, refused all offers of assistance. They will take no legal steps which would involve recognizing the jurisdiction of man-made courts. Their sincerity is beyond question, however annoying their passivity may be to those who would welcome the opportunity to come to their aid. It is charged that they are fanatics, and perhaps they are; but if so, certainly their opponents are also fanatics, and ten times more undesirable to everyone to whom there still clings any shred of notion that America ever has been, or ought now to be, a land of freedom.

CHAIRMAN Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission won a hard-earned victory when the Commission voted that hereafter railroads must offer their equipment trust certificates for sale by competitive bidding instead of selling them through a few associated banking houses as heretofore. The principal argument made and recognized was that by the competitive method the railroad would probably have to pay less interest, and hence could reduce by that much its cost for service to the public, than by giving a single banking house a monopoly of its issues. Eventually the same ruling may be extended to cover all types of railroad securities. The implications of the change, moreover, may be deeper than appears on the surface. It has often been charged that a few powerful bankers dictate railroad policy. They have, in a modified form, admitted this charge by claiming that their exclusive right to market railroad securities was justified by the "service" which they rendered the roads. To introduce competitive bidding is to break up such connections, to increase the number of bankers interested in railroads, and to reduce the banker to his ostensible function of furnishing credit at the market rates—so long as competition in investment banking may survive.

ONE of the most successful devices to convert the Sacco-Vanzetti case into an incident of the class struggle is the systematic efforts of those whom Mr. Coolidge calls "the criminal authorities" to prevent the defense from taking advantage of all means of proving the innocence of the accused. In a recent leading article in the New Republic attention was directed to the fact that the prosecution did not call upon the witness who stood nearest the murder in Braintree to testify, or notify the defense of his existence; that it deliberately juggled the testimony of Captain Proctor in regard to the connection between the fatal bullets and Sacco's gun, and presented him with a form of words which was misrepresented in meaning to the jury; and that the judge refused to permit examination of a witness who was under indictment, as to whether any inducement in that connection had been offered him by the prosecution. Now, in the strenuous efforts being made by Mr. William G. Thompson of the defense to obtain evidence in corroboration of the confession made by Celestino Madeiros, exculpating Sacco and Vanzetti, it appears that obstacles are being thrown in his way by the criminal authorities. This aspect of the case as the persecution of two radicals is emphasized by Mayor Nichols of Boston who refuses permission to hold a public meeting to express sympathy with the accused. Nichols incidentally defended the violation of civil liberties during the War and asserted that the victims were treated better than they deserved. Representative Underhill of Massachusetts is working in the same cause as Nichols in asserting that the movement of protest is a Moscow plot.

THE League for Industrial Democracy held its annual conference at Camp Tamiment, Penn., June 24 to 27. The general subject of discussion was The Newer Defenses of Capitalism, with consideration of the efforts of labor to enter the field of capital through labor banks and the investment of trade union funds in profit-bearing enterprises, and the corresponding efforts of capital in the field of labor through the establishment of company unions. The main issue was joined between those who wished to see the system of private capitalism abolished and those who wished to see it altered by degrees. On the one hand it was asserted that labor unions in entering the field of capital tended to become capitalistic in outlook, and to contribute to the defense of the system; and on the other, that under that system, the workers had only the choice between putting their savings into capitalistic enterprises as individuals or as a body through the unions. An interesting question was raised as to whether the increasing control of capital by expert managers, engineers and others, who are not themselves capitalists, would not operate to allow greater equality of opportunity which would satisfy the ambitions of labor to take part in control, and increase efficiency of production and distribution.

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On the other hand it was queried whether the increasing speed of production accompanied by increasing cost of distribution would not outrun the possibilities of consumption, and reduce the capitalistic system to its inherent absurdity.

ONE of the most interesting sessions of the Conference was that devoted to a consideration of economic imperialism on the part of the United States. Dr. L. H. Jenks, formerly of the History Department of Amherst College, declared that we have been constantly interfering in the affairs of Cuba, in violation of our pledges at the time of the Platt Amendment. We have landed troops in Cuba. We have intervened officially in legislation. We have held up the processes of justice, until cases could be submitted to Washington for approval. We sent General Crowder to Cuba as "personal representative" of the President, an office unknown to international law, to dictate the appointment of the Cuban cabinet. Dr. M. M. Knight, Assistant Professor of History of Columbia University, discussed the still more disgraceful record of the intervention by the United States in Santo Domingo, culminating in the military occupation arranged by Wilson and Bryan in 1916. The United States took possession of the financial administration and withheld all funds from the constitutional government until it signed under duress a notoriously unfair treaty. The plea that our administration was necessary because of disorder, Professor Knight ridiculed: "There is more banditry in one square mile of New York or Chicago than in the whole republic." That the occupation was of advantage to the Dominicans he likewise denied. Its handling of the finances of the little state was "silly and wasteful, if not downright scandalous."

THE immediate status of American imperialism is brought before us by the visit of Louis Borno, President of Haiti, at the White House. Borno is entirely the representative of the American occupation. After the seizure of the capital by American marines a constitution was forced upon the country in accordance with which the President names a Council of State which in turn elects the President. In the present council, eighteen members out of twenty-one were appointed by Borno, among whom we find a nephew of his present wife, a nephew of his former wife, his law partner, and a dozen members of his administration. It is not surprising that it reëlected Borno. This is the constitution of which Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Wilson, boasts the authorship. It was forced on the Haitian people at a cost to them of some 3,000 lives. The United States did many things under the second Wilson administration which even now are beginning to seem incredible. It did nothing more contemptible than this business of Haiti, and we have sometimes thought that Mr. Roosevelt was the one person in that administration sensible and decent enough to be ashamed of it.

THE administration of American criminal justice reveals to no small degree an oscillation between vague sentimentalism and hysterical brutality. At present, the hue and cry is again abroad in the land, with its usual attendants of impatience with restrictions against the safeguards of orderly procedure and due heed to the fallibilities of human testimony. At such a period we are apt to forget the abuses of police and prosecutors and the deep considerations of human freedom which have crystallized legal restrictions against such abuses. In the effort to bring the guilty, and particularly professional criminals, to book, the danger that the innocent might be imprisoned and sometimes even hanged cannot be lost sight of. The case of Ziang Sung Wan again serves to emphasize these commonplaces, at present so unpopular. Wan on February 1, 1919, was seized by the Washington police, under suspicion of having been the murderer of three other Chinamen slain a few days before. On January 9, 1920, he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. About five years later, the case finally reached the Supreme Court. On October 13, 1924, Wan's conviction was unanimously reversed. For the Supreme Bench found that his sentence was due to so-called confessions which were extorted by the police by holding Wan, although a sick man, incommunicado for over a week and subjecting him to the most brutal torture, from which he could secure relief only by agreeing finally to statements the police insisted on having from him.

THE existence of the "third degree" is not infrequently denied, not only by police authorities, but by professional spokesmen for "law and order." Here, at least, is startling proof of it, in a case in which the indisputable authority of the Supreme Court of the United States laid bare the record of a harrowing third degree and condemned the instrument of torture by which its victim was brought within the shadow of the gallows. No one could read the austere opinion of the Supreme Court, speaking through Mr. Justice Brandeis, (printed in full in the New Republic for November 12, 1924) without the conviction that a civilized society cannot tolerate such methods even in bringing the guilty to justice. But Wan's case also seemed another instance of the conviction of the innocent through barbarous methods. After two further trials resulting in disagreements by the jury, in both instances with the majority of the jury for acquittal, the indictment against Wan has now been nol prossed by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and Wan given his freedom. For more than seven years Wan has languished in jail, the victim of lawlessness by those charged with the guardianship of the law. These facts speak for themselves.

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SENATOR Copeland has performed a service of which the human value far outweighs the political, in introducing a bill to affirm the classification of Hindus as "free white persons" eligible to citizenship. This classification was made by the Committee on Immigration some years ago, and approved by Congress. Under this ruling a number of Hindus were admitted to citizenship, and Hindus who served in our armies were promised such admission. During the War, however, the British authorities became disturbed at the position which their Hindu subjects, many of them Home Rulers, were gaining in the United States, and made use of the power which, as associates in the War, they possessed with our courts and officials to attack it. Whether as a result of the same campaign or not, United States officials ceased to recognize Hindus as candidates for citizenship; and following the custom of the day summarily deprived those already admitted of their rights without due process of law. Thus, a Hindu-born citizen, Professor of political economy at a leading university, appointed to represent this country abroad on an economic commission, found himself unable to obtain a passport—a man without a country. The situation was given a quasi-legal definition by Justice Sutherland of the Supreme Court, who in 1923, in reply to a question submitted by the Circuit Court of Appeals in Oregon, handed down the advisory opinion that the words "free white persons" are to be interpreted in their popular sense rather than that given them by ethnologists.

THE Hindus affected by this ruling number from three to five thousand, most of them farmers on the Pacific Coast. They had made an important contribution to the economic life of the country in developing cultivation of cotton in the Imperial Valley, and were in many cases well-to-do. The opinion of Judge Sutherland placed them in the class of those ineligible for citizenship, who under California law are ineligible to hold or lease land. They were enabled to remain on the farms which they had developed on what was thought to be sterile and arid land, only by virtue of transferring title or leasehold to American citizens, by whom they were mulcted of the fruits of their industry, and in some cases reduced to peonage. The present bill, which should be promptly passed, will have no effect on the immigration of Hindus from the barred zone. It will merely make impossible the economic exploitation of a group of extraordinarily able farmers and artisans. It will rescue the Hindus already admitted to citizenship from their stateless condition, and in cases where Hindus not citizens have married American women, it will allow their wives to retain United States citizenship. It will save the United States from the meanness and dishonor of retracting a pledge already given. A man who renounces one government and swears allegiance to another in good faith has a right to expect good faith on the part of the nation to which he is admitted, particularly if he is ready to shed his blood in its defense.

REPRESENTATIVE Robert L. Bacon of New York has introduced a bill in Congress which for sheer and cold-blooded imperialism equals anything we can remember. He proposes that the Moro provinces of the Philippines should be separated from the Insular government and allowed to create a separate régime of their own. For what purpose? The answer is in one word: Rubber. The soil of the Moro provinces is well adapted to the propagation of the rubber tree. Suitable labor is at present lacking, a fact Mr. Bacon omits to mention, but might be provided from some quarter —possibly from China. But at present, as Representative Bacon admits, American capital is reluctant to enter the rubber industry in the Philippines. The existing laws of the Islands prevent the creation of huge plantations and are in general "unsympathetic" to American big business. These conditions will probably be aggravated when we set the Philippines free—if we ever do. Therefore, says Mr. Bacon in effect, don't set them free. Pick out the regions most valuable to us and there set up in them a dummy government of our own in perpetuity. It is a great scheme. About the only thing which stands in its way is the fact that we have solemnly pledged ourselves to return the Islands to their inhabitants. That pledge, given long ago, has been reiterated on more than one occasion. If we fail to observe it, even as regards part of the territory, we shall stand convicted of dishonor before the world. Does that fact, we wonder, have any weight with Mr. Bacon and his friends?

Farmers, Tariffs and Democrats

THE corn belt has lost its Haugen bill, and will not have the Fess amendment. The latter, although it proposes to lend government funds to producers' coöperatives with small security, will not serve, because it provides no way for the coöperatives to repay such loans as may be incurred for the purpose of meeting any loss on surplus crops sold abroad. It will be remembered that the aim of the farm bloc is to reap the benefit of the existing tariff on agricultural products by making sure that there is no surplus of crops on the American market to drive prices down from the protected level to the world level. This aim was to have been achieved by enabling coöperatives or other agents to buy for sale abroad enough to prevent a surplus on the domestic market, buying it at the protected price and selling it at the world price—which of course would be lower.

This operation would necessarily involve a loss to the organizations conducting it. They could not in good faith borrow money for this purpose,

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nor could the government lend the money, with or without security, unless a way were provided for these organizations to retrieve the loss. That could be done only through an "equalization fee" collected from the producers themselves as proposed in the Dickinson and Haugen bills. But, naturally enough, the coöperatives do not want to undertake the dangerous responsibility of collecting such fees without the sanction and help of law. As a matter of fact, it would be utterly impossible for them, in their present stage of development at least, to collect. The farmers' representatives in Congress were not merely playing politics in refusing the substitute offered by the administration; they were exhibiting a logical tenacity in their purpose.

The administration was, on the contrary, playing the best politics it knows by supporting the Fess proposal. It could not accept the farmers' device, for several reasons. In the first place, it is temperamentally and on principle opposed to the sort of government aid the farmers want. In the second place, it has a strong suspicion that the plan would merely lead to worse evils and embarrassments. And in the third place, its advisers know full well that if any such plan did work, it would deprive the privileged groups of any advantage they now enjoy from protection. For to protect everybody by tariff is to protect nobody. Protected manufacturers would have to pay wages and buy materials at the same price levels at which they sell their products. That is, in fact, just what the farmers want. As long as protection exists, and industrial interests derive special benefits from it, farmers suffer an inequality which they hope to remove by forcing their way into the protected circle. Mr. Coolidge evidently feels that the farm revolt is too serious not to receive some recognition, and he therefore expects to get by with a substitute and his usual luck—which might be exemplified in this case in a smaller corn crop, more hogs, and higher prices for corn.

The defeat of the farmers means, in sober fact, a revelation by deed of the insincerity of the protective tariff policy. If the agitation for the Haugen bill had been devised especially for the purpose by a Democratic Machiavelli, it could not have been better calculated to convert farmer high-tariff Republicans into farmer low-tariff Democrats. We want, say the farmers, effective tariff protection and to secure it we want a machinery to dump our surplus abroad, as do the manufacturers. What you want, forcibly says Mr. Mellon, is a subsidy at the expense of the American consumer. Democratic leaders are not slow to see what they can reply in behalf of the farmer. You, Mr. Mellon, already receive the same kind of subsidy which you deny the farmer. And in order to get it, your Mr. Grundy, who lobbies for protection, spends millions to buy votes and win elections. The only course for the farmers, since you will not split with them, is to oust you, your party and your tariff.

This is a pretty situation—a godsend to Democrats seeking an issue. But is it not too pretty? Is it also a godsend to the farmer? The prospect brings us a vision of a good old-fashioned campaign with the tariff as the chief issue, in which harassed candidates have little to do but fish the old speeches out of the old barrels. We can see the Democrats seeking to break the Republican front by going after farmer votes and replenishing their sorely depleted treasury with contributions from the low-tariff bankers, foreign investors and importers. We can see the Republicans trying to break into the solid South by appealing to the cotton manufacturing interests, and meanwhile, through exploitation of the low tariff menace, tightening their grip on the beet-sugar states, the manufacturing states, and all those accustomed to buying favors with campaign funds. We can see problems like coal, giant power, railroads, the new mergers, being sunk far beyond sounding depths in these murky waters. And in the lurid sky above this picture we can see a devil of confusion grinning at the irony of it all—at the fact that this fine logic was founded on a false premise, that no matter who wins, the farmer will be about as badly off as ever—unless, due to economic accident, corn prices rise and the winning party claims the credit.

For the whole controversy in which the farmers have engaged has arisen on the basis of the assumption that all their troubles arise from tariff discrimination. There is tariff discrimination of course—we do not deny that—and of course it should be abolished. But for several reasons we do not believe it is as important a factor as several others in the agricultural problem. If the farmers make it their chief fighting issue they will in our opinion be as foolish as would be the United States if it should go to war in order to gain concessions in Greenland. The truth is that many persons who are supposed to enjoy protection are not in fact profiting from it any more than is the farmer. There are other important industries besides his which suffer from overproduction and cannot market their surpluses abroad. Among them are woollen, worsted, cotton, clothing, shoes, coal. And there are industries which would not suffer foreign competition and would not sell their products cheaper if all tariff bars were removed. Among them are automobiles, agricultural machinery, railroads, electric power and all public utilities. Among them are distributing, selling, advertising—all the middlemen and overhead trades. Subtract from the farmer's expenses the subsidized profits in the products and services of all who in fact profit from the protective tariff, and the difference in his cost of living would not be enough to enable him to live in visible luxury.

The chief causes of agricultural decline in a growing industrial nation are more various and subtle than a protective tariff schedule. England, without one, built a national structure topheavy with

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factories. Inequalities of bargaining power may arise at home as well as across national boundaries. The organization of production and of markets is more easy in some processes than in others regardless of state protection; such advantages arise often from technical or accidental reasons. The state may and does extend or protect special privilege in other ways than by import duties. Letting a community drift in the direction determined by the utmost profit for the keenest seekers thereof often produces inequalities among professions that can be remedied only by careful community planning. In short, we believe that the farmers' real hope lies in the directions that a campaign over the tariff would for a time obscure. And we hope that after their disappointment with Republican politics they will not need an equally long and futile experience with Democratic before they awaken to their prime interests.

The Murderous Motor

COMPLETE figures dealing with automobile accidents in 1925 have recently been made public. They reveal that safety on the highway, or the present lack of it, may now fairly be reckoned as one of the major problems of the day. Last year more than 22,000 persons were killed in or by automobiles, and something like three-quarters of a million injured. The number of dead is almost half as large as the list of fatalities during the nineteen months of America's participation in the Great War. In 60 percent of the cases, the person killed was a pedestrian struck by a car. Six thousand of these dead were children. Moreover, the automobile toll is increasing. The 1925 total is 10 percent larger than that for 1924.

Appalling as are these figures, they do not indicate that drivers are getting more careless, or even that increasing congestion in the streets is bringing matters to a state where going for an automobile ride is equivalent to an intention of murder and suicide. It is probable that the number of accidents per automobile-mile traveled is decreasing. Thus while deaths increased 10 percent in 1925, car registrations increased nearly 13 percent, and the sales of gasoline and other supplies do not suggest that the time during which each car is in use is diminishing. The truth is, that in some parts of the country at least, drivers are being trained to greater carefulness than formerly. This fact, plus other safeguards, produced a 4 percent decrease in fatalities during the first third of the present year, compared to the same period in 1925, in cities of more than 100,000 population, despite the fact that registrations in those cities continued to grow at a rapid rate. In 1925, no less than three states and fifteen cities succeeded in reducing the fatality record below that of 1924. The states were Oregon, Minnesota and New York, the cities Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Buffalo, San Francisco, Washington, D. C., New Orleans, Minneapolis, Denver, St. Paul, Birmingham, Syracuse, New Haven, New Bedford, Cambridge and Kansas City, Kans. The states and cities which have thus shown a decrease in automobile killings in the face of a general increase are in almost every instance those which have been devoting special care and attention to educating drivers and pedestrians, and to reducing physical hazards by eliminating blind corners and grade crossings, widening narrow roads and the like.

A study of the types of accident which are most numerous is illuminating. Out of nearly 3,000 cases reported to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, instances where automobiles struck pedestrians are at the top of the list. Next come collisions between two or more automobiles, and then collisions between automobiles and street cars. The deadly railroad crossing is fourth, and collisions between automobiles and stationary objects fifth. Far behind come cases wherein cars have run down bicyclists, and, finally, those in which for one reason or another an automobile has turned turtle.

The list of causes assigned to these accidents is also worth noting. Fast driving comes first, and violating the rules of the road second. Inattention is listed as third, and fourth and fifth are inexperience and confusion — conditions which of course frequently occur together. Intoxication, which so often appears in newspaper headlines as a reason for accident, is at the foot of the list, being responsible for only about one-third as many disasters as speeding.

Among physical conditions, fog, snow and rain are the chief causes of trouble. Skidding, which is closely allied to at least two of these, is next, and then follow: defects in vehicle, blinding lights on approaching car, inadequate street lights, road defects, and confusion resulting from the dimming of headlights. In cases where the pedestrian is held responsible, jaywalking by adults leads all other causes. Then comes improper use of streets by children, confusion on the part of pedestrian, intoxication, physical disability of the pedestrian (the driver of the car having erroneously assumed that his victim can leap out of the way), and stealing rides by boys.

Naturally, the enormous waste of life has not gone unnoted, nor have we lacked efforts to reduce it. Experts are studying; automobile traffic control has been elevated to the position of an important branch of engineering. School children are bombarded with safety campaigns. Highways are plastered with warning signs. In some parts of the country private citizens are banded into vigilante associations to report lawbreakers. These ameliorative measures have met with some success, as we have already suggested. Yet they are altogether inadequate to cope with the situation. The fact is, the automobile is changing the whole face of our civilization so profoundly, and so rapidly, that so-

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ciety as yet does not realize the scope of the development, and is tardy in enacting measures, and changing old habits, to meet the needs of a new day. No phenomenon in history presents any parallel for this sudden rush to the roads. There are already in America four cars for every five families, while the number of drivers can hardly be less than half the total number of adults (in California it is almost equal to that number). Not only is this true, but no previous type of vehicle has been used to any comparable extent. On a basis of distance covered, man's mobility must have been increased at least twenty-five times. The effect on the size and character of our cities, on the home, on morals, education, health—each of these is a field in which vast, almost unnoted developments are taking place.

It is probably true that much of the present waste of life is inevitable and will continue no matter what preventive measures are taken. It is part of the price we have to pay for the new era which, whether it is worth what it costs or not, is certainly here to stay. Yet the most casual investigation will reveal that in several respects, the present situation is capable of much improvement. Roads originally designed for a limited amount of horse-drawn traffic are almost everywhere too narrow. Blind corners and grade crossings are the rule rather than the exception. Blinding headlights are still tolerated in many communities. Driving licenses are granted without adequate information as to the applicant's mental powers. People are permitted to go on driving even after they have revealed their incompetence. The use of loud, harsh horns is tolerated, although the average pedestrian, hearing such a signal close at hand, is more likely to be frightened into immobility than action. The careful and intelligent driver is largely at the mercy of the reckless and stupid one who, by the use of dangerous speeds, by refusing to take precautions against skidding in wet weather and by "wriggling through" heavy traffic, endangers not only his own life but that of many others. (No doubt the law of the survival of the fittest is at work, both among drivers and pedestrians, as the slowest-witted and the most stupid are killed off. We await expectantly a brochure on this theme by some eminent biologist under the title, The Automobile: the Friend of Eugenics.)

Finally, there is a phase of this subject which the ardent advocates of states' rights might well ponder. A serious evil today, responsible for many hundreds of accidents yearly, is the confusion of traffic laws and signals which now exists between state and state. In some places, cutting corners on a left-hand turn is permitted; in others it is strictly taboo. When the driver holds out his arm, with the forearm bent up, or down, or held horizontal, any of these gestures may mean, according to local regulations, that he is stopping, turning left or turning right. The signal for a left-hand turn in one state signifies a halt in others. While speeding is universally forbidden, there are now some states where you can be arrested for driving *less* than twenty-five miles an hour on the open highway. In some communities, pedestrians are required to obey traffic lights and forbidden to jaywalk, while other places have not yet reached the point of putting into effect this wholly desirable rule. If motorists did all their driving within the borders of their own cities, or even their own states, this confusion would not be so important; but they of course do nothing of the sort. In the East, where distances are not great, it is possible to pass through parts of four or five states in the course of a single day's driving. To ask millions of drivers to memorize four or five sets of road rules, and then remember perhaps in the fraction of a second, which set applies in any given emergency, is obviously impracticable.

Not even the most ardent opponent of the tendency toward federalization can fail to concede that what is urgently needed is a nationwide simple code. This need not, and should not, be a matter for action by the national government. A coöperative effort of the states should be adequate. It is true that the degree of success which attended the efforts of Secretary Hoover's recent National Conference on Street and Highway Safety is not a very happy augury. That conference found itself in great difficulties when it approached the question of uniform signals. It therefore contented itself with the opinion that when a driver puts his arm out, it should be understood that he intends to do *something,* other than roll straight along at a uniform speed. This seems a reasonably safe surmise, even for a man of caution. It is obvious that it will be enormously difficult to bring the various states into harmony on signals, as it will be to establish throughout the country even minimum requirements of safety as to width of highways, blind crossings, etc. However, the mounting death toll is an adequate reminder to everyone, including the automobile industry itself, that the time is near at hand when serious and even drastic remedies must be applied.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Comedy of the Great English Strike

THE whole truth about the recent general strike in Great Britain has not yet been told; and perhaps it never will be told until the memoirs of the chief actors in the struggle are published. But we know enough of it already to be sure that when it comes it will be a strange story, smacking more of the fencing school than of the duelling ground, of comic opera than of tragedy.* The second of these metaphors is the more pertinent, for certainly this "great struggle" belonged rather to the stage than to the world of reality. It was a gigantic melodrama, written and acted for a world-wide audience and having as its main purpose to show "extremists" that "extremism" does not pay. It showed virtue triumphant and villainy defeated; and the actors on both sides, heroes and villains alike, played their parts almost to perfection. The play, therefore, though it is never likely to be played again, must be accounted to have been a notable success. Never at any rate have such plaudits reached British ears from across the Channel and the Atlantic.

The play has, however, a rather dull prologue which we would most gladly omit if it could be omitted. But it is necessary for the reader who is unfamiliar with the labor conditions of Europe to understand that for many years past "the General Strike" has been the battle cry of the left wing of the Labor movement, and the bugbear of the right wing—that is to say of most of the actual leaders of the British Trade Unions. To the latter it has been a bugbear because they realized its dangerous possibilities, the likelihood of its failure, and its inevitable costliness; yet it was difficult for them to prove that a weapon which, on the face of it (whether used to gain revolutionary or merely ameliorative ends) is the most powerful of all the weapons in the armory of the working class, and which, moreover, had been employed with at least partial success in Sweden and in Belgium, could not be employed with far greater success in a country where Labor is so completely and so efficiently organized as in Great Britain. They were unable therefore to rule it out altogether. But they disliked and feared it, and year after year have postponed the occasion for its use. However, it had to be used—once. And it has been used, by accident or design, in circumstances which made it almost certain that the play would have a happy ending.

The miners had an unusually good case. They were being asked to accept, at the point of the sword, wages which would have reduced tens of thousands of them down to, or even in some cases below, the level of bare subsistence. And this reduction, as well as an increase of hours, was being demanded by a group of men who are notoriously the most stupid, stubborn and inefficient set of employers in Great Britain. The miners therefore had the sympathy of the greater part of the public and also of the press. Two Royal Commissions had investigated the condition of the industry since the War, and both had commented in the strongest terms upon its managerial inefficiency and the urgent need for its reorganization. The mine owners, however, repudiated all such criticisms and stubbornly rejected all proposals for amalgamation or technical improvement. The only cure, they asserted and reasserted, for the admitted troubles of the industry was lower wages and longer hours. The government, although it had had seven months in which to consider the main points of the problem, and six weeks in which to study the detailed proposals of the Samuel Commission, intervened only at the very last minute. It suggested a basis of negotiation actually only twelve hours before the lock-out notices of the mine owners were due to take effect, and naturally the time was insufficient for any sort of agreement to be reached. So on the night of April 30 a million workers were locked out.

On the morning of Saturday, May 1, the Trade Union Congress met and decided to call a general strike in support of the miners, who in their opinion, as in that of most people, were being very badly treated, in being asked to accept scandalously low wages without any promise or reasonable prospect of their industry being reorganized on more efficient lines. The Trade Union leaders were impelled to do this—much against the wishes of most of them—partly by a real sympathy with the apparently hopeless plight of the miners, but still more because there had long existed a sort of honorable understanding that they would support the miners in any really serious emergency. Of the seriousness of the present emergency there could be no doubt and they could abandon the miners therefore only at the cost of abandoning all hope of working class solidarity. They therefore declared what was not really a general strike—since the workers in several of the largest industries in the country were never called out at all—but a "sympathetic strike" on a much greater scale than had ever before been known. It was to begin on the evening of Monday, May 3.

Then the real drama began. As soon as the de-

* Though in the miners' strike itself there is likely to be tragedy enough, before the end comes.

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cision of the T. U. C. (Trade Union Congress) was known, several of Mr. Baldwin's colleagues urged him to break off negotiations and declare war. This, however, he refused to do and all through that Saturday and Sunday he continued negotiations, struggling for peace. By a late hour on Sunday night, acting in conjunction with Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland and Lord Birkenhead, he arrived at an agreement with the representatives of the T. U. C. upon a formula, which, though it might not, and probably would not, secure the assent of the miners, would certainly have averted the general strike. For whether the miners accepted it or not the strike notices were to be withdrawn. The formula having been agreed the T. U. C. leaders went off to discuss it with the miners' executive council, hoping to secure its acceptance. This hope was not fulfilled; they returned, however, to Downing Street an hour or so later to inform the Prime Minister that the formula still held good as far as they were concerned and that upon its formal acceptance by the Cabinet the general strike, which was timed to begin twenty-four hours later, would instantly be called off. They found, however, only darkness and locked doors. The Cabinet had gone to bed.

What had happened was that Mr. Baldwin and his two fellow-negotiators had returned to the Cabinet room in triumph with the agreed formula (drafted by Lord Birkenhead) in their hands. They expected immediate and almost automatic acceptance. They found instead that during their absence the bellicose minority of the Cabinet, headed by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Neville Chamberlain —who were determined to seize this opportunity of "having it out, once for all"—had gained the ascendancy and become a majority. News had come through by telephone that a score of irresponsible but indispensable machinists at the printing office of the Daily Mail (Lord Rothermere's popular newspaper) had refused to print a certain article which they considered unfair and provocative, and that since the editor rightly refused to give way a million breakfast tables would be deprived next morning of the journalistic pabulum to which they were accustomed. This action on the part of the Daily Mail machinists was of course not only unauthorized, but was contrary to the whole spirit of the orders which they had received from the T. U. C., and contrary also to the advice of the compositors and others of their fellow trade unionists in the same building. It was merely a piece of foolish and sporadic mutiny which had no bearing whatever upon the great issues at stake and would instantly have been condemned and repudiated by the Trade Union leaders—if they had heard of it. Mr. Churchill, however, had persuaded most of his colleagues that this was the actual beginning of the general strike and that to continue negotiations of any kind would be an act of weakness and folly. The first act of war had been committed, he urged; the government must accept the challenge without a moment's delay.

Mr. Baldwin refused to take this view, refused, that is to say, to admit that his successful efforts to secure peace ought to be rendered null and void by the unauthorized and essentially irrelevant action of twenty or thirty workmen. But it was one o'clock in the morning and he was a very tired man, and when he found himself faced with the threat of the immediate resignation of not less than seven of his leading colleagues—and this on the eve of a great strike which might still possibly not be averted—he gave way and consented to the drafting and issue of the formal declaration of war. Then the lights were turned out and everyone went home—leaving the Trade Union leaders, or most of them, to read the Churchillian ultimatum for the first time in next morning's papers.

So the great strike began. Its most notable features from the first were the remarkable loyalty and discipline of the rank and file of the Trade Unionists, and the contrasting half-heartedness of most of the Trade Union leaders. The railwaymen, and other transport workers in the docks and on the roads, came out almost to a man and remained out until the strike was officially called off. But the leaders had no stomach for the fight. They had wished not to coerce the government in any way, but merely to bring such pressure to bear upon the mine owners as might induce them to offer more reasonable terms to the men, and to agree to the measures of reorganization recommended by the Royal Commission. They were startled and dismayed to find themselves represented as dangerous revolutionaries, attempting to subvert and destroy the British Constitution, and to find also that owing to their own foolish mistake in calling out all the newspaper workers, the government had a practically unchallenged command of all the available forms of publicity. The government commandeered first the broadcasting service and then the offices and plant of the Morning Post, and used all its transport facilities by road and air to scatter copies of the governmental organ—the British Gazette—all over the country.

Of the British Gazette, edited by Mr. Winston Churchill, the less that is said the better for the honor of British journalism. It was a mere propaganda sheet, as shamelessly unfair and untruthful as it was technically incompetent. Called upon in the House of Commons to defend some of its grosser misrepresentations, Mr. Churchill frankly declared that he had no use in wartime for truth and impartiality; the government was fighting for its life and the British Gazette was one of its most effective weapons. It was certainly a weapon rather than a newspaper, and to a large extent no doubt it served the purpose for which it was designed. At any rate it persuaded the majority of the nation —against all the plain facts of the case—to regard the strike as a "constitutional" rather than an "in-

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dustrial" struggle, and to make the ultra-conservative Mr. Thomas and his colleagues of the T. U. C. appear as something very like anarchists, who were threatening all those ancient liberties which Englishmen hold most dear.

The easy-going constitutionalist leaders of the Trade Union movement trembled with dismay when they found themselves thus portrayed; they writhed under the foul blows of the British Gazette. They wanted peace at almost any price, and while keeping up some sort of appearance of coolness and determination were chiefly concerned from the very first day of the strike to find some excuse for surrender which would save them from utter discredit in the eyes of their own followers. On the seventh day of the strike (Sunday, May 9) they were informed, upon authority which they accepted, that the Cabinet had decided to repeal the Trades Disputes act, confiscate all Trade Union funds, and arrest all the leaders of the Trade Union which were on strike. They understood that this decision had been taken by the bellicose majority of the Cabinet against the wishes of the Prime Minister, but that the latter had succeeded in obtaining only a two days' respite, and that if they did not surrender by noon on Wednesday these measures would be put into effect. This news greatly increased their perturbation. Fighting in a cause, or rather by methods, in which they did not really believe they found themselves face to face with disaster.

Their distress was aggravated when they found on Tuesday (May 11) that 75 percent of the engineers, who had been called out only on the previous day, had remained at work. They concluded that the strike was breaking up, and did not learn until after the surrender that the failure of the engineers to respond to the strike call was due merely to an accidental miscarriage of the strike notices which had failed to reach more than a very few of the members. This, added to Mr. Bevin's belief that he could not hold his Transport Workers very much longer, created consternation at the headquarters of the T. U. C.; and the only question the leaders were asking themselves was, how can we get out of this without palpably betraying the miners or admitting utter disaster?

Then Sir Herbert Samuel came to their rescue. As chairman of the late Coal Commission he was in a position to make concrete and authoritative proposals and he drew up a memorandum (which is said to have been privately submitted to the Prime Minister) upon the basis of which the general strike could be "unconditionally" called off without any serious loss of "face" on the part of the T. U. C., and without it being possible for them to be accused by the miners of flagrant desertion.

Meanwhile the government also had its troubles, arising mainly out of the incorrigibly warlike activities of Mr. Churchill. He spoke and wrote exactly as if the country were in a state of civil war and the government were really fighting for "King and Country." Everyone, according to his view, who asked a question or offered a criticism regarding the government's policy was to be treated as a traitor, as a Bolshevik in disguise. But he failed to realize that the country did not feel like that at all, that the prevailing public emotion was not either fear or anger, but rather pity for the miners, and wonder that such an absurd and tiresome situation should have been allowed to arise; and so his fulminations for the most part fell flat. Then came the most comic incident of the whole struggle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, after consultation with the leaders of all the Protestant Churches in Great Britain, issued an urgent and most sensible appeal for peace and the renewal of negotiations. The government refused to allow this appeal to be broadcast and Mr. Churchill refused to allow it to appear in the British Gazette. The Archbishop of Canterbury is personally a strong Conservative and officially is the greatest personage in the kingdom after the royal family. He takes precedence constitutionally even of the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor. Yet he was suppressed by the Constitutionalist party! Explaining the matter in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill said it was impossible to find room in the British Gazette for *everything*. The Archbishop was naturally annoyed and is understood to have conveyed his annoyance to the King. At the same time a petition was drawn up and signed by many of the most influential people in the country, including heads of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, captains of industry, famous ex-statesmen, powerful newspaper editors and proprietors and so on, praying that the Archbishop's appeal should be published. The King is believed to have taken the same view, and on a hint from him and a strong speech by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, the appeal was first broadcast and then published. But it was published five days late—on the day on which the T. U. C. threw down its arms. Thus was the Established Church treated by the state at a moment of "constitutional crisis"!

So the strike was called off—just before noon on Wednesday. And immediately thereafter the Samuel memorandum—to the terms of which the Prime Minister, though he was understood to have accepted them privately and provisionally as a basis of negotiation, was not formally committed—was thrown into the waste-paper basket. It had served its immediate purpose; it had enabled the T. U. C. to end the unwanted strike and reappear as a body of faithful and loyal constitutionalists—as indeed they are. The miners of course might have taken advantage of the situation and have insisted upon the adoption of the Samuel proposals, but, with the stupidity which seems to be characteristic of everyone who is engaged in coal mining in Great Britain, owners and hewers alike, they failed to

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recognize their opportunity and by rejecting all proposals for compromise, relieved Mr. Baldwin of the certainly embarrassing obligation of giving effect to the Samuel terms.

When the strike ended Mr. Baldwin found himself in an extraordinarily strong position. He was the idol of the country and could afford to ignore almost altogether the views of his fight-to-a-finish colleagues. The fight was over and they might resign if they chose. All over the country employers were seeking to seize what they regarded as a heaven-sent opportunity of reducing wages and ham-stringing the Trade Unions. Men were being refused re-instatement unless they accepted cuts of ten shillings a week or unless they became non-unionists; and a section of the Cabinet strongly supported this attitude on the part of the employers. Their motto was "Woe to the vanquished"; Mr. Baldwin's motto, on the other hand, was "Let bygones be bygones." And Mr. Baldwin won. Within forty-eight hours of the calling off of the strike his policy was accepted by all the leading employers in the country. He demanded peace with an authority which could not be denied and he obtained it—thus giving effect to the wishes of what was certainly an overwhelming majority of his fellow countrymen. For in this extraordinary strike there was never any bitterness. Strikers and volunteers fraternized, in full agreement as to the unfortunate situation of the miners, though doubtful alike as to what remedies were likely to be effective. For the general strike there was widespread, indeed general disapproval; but for its objects there was nothing but approval. Mr. Baldwin understood this superficially paradoxical attitude on the part of the public, and thus he was enabled to remain throughout the most powerful and effective leader of public opinion. In spite of his moment of weakness he has scored a wonderful personal success and is now without doubt the most influential politician in Great Britain and therefore in Europe.

It remains to consider the consequences of the great strike. We have likened it to a comic opera. The likeness depends upon the fact that the issue was unreal from the beginning to the end and that all the most powerful of the Trade Union and Labor party leaders were quite as anxious as Mr. Baldwin or Lord Oxford to demonstrate the futility of the general strike as either an industrial or a political weapon. So both sides have won and are satisfied with the result; and since both sides had the most virtuous aims, virtue is doubly triumphant. Only the miners are angry, believing that they have been badly let down. And they are not likely to come to terms with the mine owners until they reach the starvation point—which lies some weeks or months ahead. In that direction the outlook is still black.

Meanwhile we have all learnt one quite invaluable lesson—and this is why the play, for all its elaborate and costly setting, may be considered to have been a success—we have learnt that the famous weapon of the "General Strike" is worthless unless it is accompanied by violence—such violence as the general mass of Trade Unionists would never agree to. Accompanied by violence, that is to say, by concerted attacks upon all volunteers or strike-breakers, it would be omnipotent; no government could stand against it. But when it is adopted as a mere measure of, so to say, passive resistance it becomes almost a contradiction in terms. The Trade Union leaders ordered their followers day after day to do nothing that could possibly bring them into conflict with the police; and with that order they ordained their own overt, though perhaps desired, failure. The general strike is essentially a revolutionary weapon which can be successfully wielded only by leaders who have revolutionary aims, and are willing to stick at nothing to achieve them. In this case neither followers nor leaders had the smallest idea of revolution, or of challenging in any way the authority of Parliament; and so the fiasco was pre-doomed. The general strike, in short, has been shown to be not a dangerous weapon at all unless and until there already exists a revolutionary majority in the country in which it is to be used—and then, since we have a quite efficient system of ballot boxes, it would be unnecessary to use it. Great Britain contains so few revolutionaries that their existence need hardly be admitted. The outstanding result therefore of the general strike is to show that the sooner illusions as to the power of that weapon are lost the better for everybody. Probably it will be years before we shall hear anything more of it. The play accordingly must be adjudged to have been a great success.

CLIFFORD SHARP.

More Wonder

Why is there not a dragon in the sea
With orange fins and purple fangs,
Of monstrous length and mighty girth,
Whose spume and opalescent jet could be
A blazing fright where water clangs
Along the coasts of Earth?

Through fire importuning the moon to thrust
Its scythe at last to garner flame
Cold phœnix throngs could hover.
The world should be a ball of golden dust;
Each of its creatures then might claim
A more resplendent lover.

There could be seed of crystal set adrift
To angle space with glassy feather,
A boundless comb of light.
There could be hounds and angels, lean and swift,
That rushed with torches, all together,
Till dark was vanquished quite.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

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The Town That Doesn't Want a Chautauqua

NEW YORK is accustomed to thinking itself the capital of creative effort in the Americas, having drawn to it the most representative minds of the generation which has charged itself, in the spirit of a crusade, with the fight for the freedom of the creative spirit. But during the past month, New York has given place to an older capital, and a newer expeditionary advance against the banners of Main Street. It is at Santa Fe, the oldest self-established capital in the New World, still the capital of New Mexico, and the most European of towns in all that meets the eye, since its oldness is more in evidence than its newness, that the battle is staged.

The streets of Santa Fe are narrow, its gardens walled, its houses still predominately an undivided item of the brown soil and flat-topped mesas. Its population is 40 percent Spanish-speaking; its hours ring to soft cathedral chimes: religious processions still wind along its kindly streets, and guitars make musical its summer dusk. Also it has a Rotary Club, Kiwanis and Women's Clubs and a Chamber of Commerce, and the largest and most important group of creative workers, painters, poets, novelists, etchers, sculptors, architects, between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast. Mediating these diverse elements of population is a considerable contingent of people rather above the average for towns of the size of Santa Fe, drawn there by the climate, by the charm of its old world atmosphere, and by the fact that Santa Fe really is the capital of creative and intellectual effort in the western half of the continent. Not only are distinguished visitors continuously passing and repassing Santa Fe, but workers in many fields of research, such as the country naturally calls for, archæology, ethnology, geology and aboriginal literature, make it from time to time the headquarters of their work. It is quite possible—in addition to the residents—for such diverse and compelling personalities as Sinclair Lewis, John Galsworthy, Spinden and Morley of the Mayan expedition, John Sloan and Alfred Kreymborg to be in Santa Fe at one time or within a few weeks of each other. Or it might be Willa Cather, Harrington the Indian language expert, Old Bill White, Anne Martin the feminist, Alma Gluck and Robert Henri. Any town and its inhabitants, worth being visited by such distinguished people, is bound in the course of time to produce something worth watching, and eventually profitable to the community at large. What Santa Fe is producing at the moment is a dramatic clash between the creative type of mind and interest, and the type most accurately described as the Chautauqua-minded.

That institution known as the Chautauqua Circle is a pure American product, the outstanding characterization of our naïve belief and our superb faith that culture can, like other appurtenances of democracy, proceed by majorities. As the Chautauqua stood during the last quarter of the last century, it was a really important instrument of adult education. It took the whole intellectual product of the period, decanted and distributed it with sincerity and skill. Nor does it appear that the originators of the Chautauqua idea ever mistook the nature either of their intention or their achievement. But the beneficiaries of it did. By the beginning of the present century the pleasant air diffused by lectures and superficial predigested study courses and the presence on platforms of distinguished personalities politely stepping down the results of their labor to the comprehension of unlaboring audiences, had produced in those audiences the still more pleasing illusion of actually having what they had only heard about. Just as anybody today who can without actual damage to himself pull a lever, punch a button, or uncover his arm to a serum syringe thinks of himself as participating in the age of science, so the million faithful attendants at study clubs, at Circles and Lecture programs have come to feel a proprietary interest in the prevailing "culture" of their age. It is this primary illusion which is back of unspecialized attempts to award merit or blame in American art and thought by censoring the product. The motives for such attempted censorship are neither so puritanical nor so Freudian as are generally assumed by the generation which suffers most. Reason enough can be found in the fact that no single circumstance in American life is calculated to undeceive the Chautauqua-minded as to the quality of that "culture" which has been doled out to them under the foremost names and the best auspices. There can be no doubt that a vast majority of Americans, particularly American women, sincerely suppose that "culture" is generated in "courses," and proceeds as by nature from the lecture platform. The general disrespect in which the "business" sense of the creative worker is held in the United States would prevent any contrary idea from gaining ground; so that the driving out of a resident community of creative workers of established reputation by a Chautauqua summer colony would inevitably seem to many people a great cultural gain.

So much is necessary, by way of explanation of what happened at Santa Fe. Unique as that little city is, it is still sufficiently American to have pro-

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duced a group to whom a summer Chautauqua on its border seemed a valid way of raising the cultural tone of the community, while at the same time it produces that great American desideratum of "bringing money into the town."

What more natural than that a group of Texas club women who have for the last year been looking for a site for a Chautauqua as a centre for the Federated Clubs of the nine Southwestern states, should have been attracted to Santa Fe, and in the complete sincerity of their acceptance of the democratization of "culture," should have ignored to the point of actually convincing themselves that it did not exist, the protest of any Santa Feans who failed to agree with them. Without any underthought the project was nominated a "cultural colony," and the universal reaction of other towns in the district to the rapidly developing objections of the ignored creative elements of the population, was that they had suddenly gone "plumb crazy." That was to be expected from painters, poets and such like producers of the raw stuff of culture, but —and this is unique in the history of American culture—an important contingent of the "business men," doctors, lawyers, merchants, educators, at Santa Fe were promptly found to be possessed of the heresy that maintaining a creative atmosphere is sometimes more important than "bringing money into the town," and that a creative type of culture is a better thing for the community as a whole, a better contribution to the future of the state, than a Chautauqua type. This decision, reached almost by instinct by a significant minority of the ancient desert capital, with neither drum nor bush, suddenly showed itself as the sharp edge of a sword dividing the ways of community thought.

It has become a convention to speak of the most frequently deplored traits of our American culture as Middle-Western. What we mean is that most American communities established in the last half-century have not so much grown as been builded, subject to a notion of "the good life" as it was conceived along the Ohio and upper Mississippi valleys, a notion that overflowed into the West and achieved itself, largely by means of Chautauqua devices, without producing the satisfactions expected of it. Never has a cultural idea so quickly reached its apogee and so soon resolved into a secret dismay. Not only have enterprises for the expression of gregariousness in a cultural guise disappeared from uncounted towns, but the towns themselves are now doing their best to look as if they never had them. All over the West there is a fumbling movement toward a culture rooted in the living processes of community life, but nowhere a formulated program, scarcely an articulate choice. Possibly because the Chautauqua type of cultural endeavor has proceeded from the very sources from which true culture is conventionally supposed to be derived, from the social activities for which "our best women" are sponsors, there has been a marked reluctance of definition, and no explicit rejections. Probably no other town of its size in the Southwest, however much private citizens might have deplored it, would have flouted the convention that a Women's Club "culture colony" is inevitably a cultural advantage and a financial gain. Suddenly like a flashing sword out of the ancient city of the Holy Faith came both choice and definition.

There are, said Santa Fe, two types of cultural centre, the creative and the Chautauqua, and the two are incompatible in the same community. Having one, we prefer not to have the other. Even more startling, the first pronouncement of the group that called itself the Old Santa Fe Association, was put forth in a manner that placed the artist on the same footing as a business man, that came near to the unprecedented heresy of assuming that an artist *is* a business man. To prove it, the local paper issued a long list of artists of every description resident at Santa Fe, with their properties and incomes, in which astonishingly many of them were shown to be as "solid" citizens as though they had been members of the Chamber of Commerce, as in fact a score of the protestants proved to be. The hush that fell upon the whole nine states known as the Southwest, following this announcement, was thick enough to have been cut with the proverbial knife.

What did cut it was the trenchant response of New York, for the protestants numbered several members whose "business" of influencing opinion was on a scale that, applied to selling worsted yarn or hardware would have been called "big." Not only the metropolitan press was stirred, but weekly magazines, followed by the newspapers of the inland cities, working westward until comment and approval penetrated the mazed borders of New Mexico. Whatever discovery Santa Fe had made for itself, it proved, like so many discoveries, to be the unvoiced conviction of innumerable other small cities and large. There are two types of community culture, one in which the community works by individuals to produce definite achievement on a cultural plane, and the other in which the community exists chiefly to hear about what has been produced. And even the towns which, if put to the test, might vote for the more popular and populous type, are agreed that it would be a relief to know that there is one town, preferably Santa Fe, made safe against it.

To have this out, all set down in uncontrovertible print, is itself a great gain in the evolution of community life in the United States. To admit that there is a creative life, not incompatible with the ordinary life of druggists and hardware merchants, doctors and lawyers—such a pleasant and productive life as is now being lived at Santa Fe—and yet clearly stated as incompatible with much that calls itself "culture," is a gain that might not have been made elsewhere in this generation. Beside this

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gain, the insistence of the originating group, that in spite of the widely stated objections they mean to go as far as they can in superimposing their Chautauqua-mindedness upon Santa Fe, though it may seriously disturb the civic equilibrium of old Santa Fe, is, by its betrayal of the lack of a saving grace of humor, robbed of all its dignity and half its power to offend. "Culture" has often been made absurd by its devotees in America, but never before so without a savor of gallantry. And always there is the possibility that the majority of the General Federation of Women's Clubs—which as an institution has never quite lacked worldly penetration as to its own place in the American scheme—may not feel itself so necessitous in the matter that it must make a cuckoo's nest of the most distinctive and creatively distinguished town in the Southwest, to incubate its own cultural expression. Any number of towns are open to them with undivided welcome and an unaffected allegiance to the Chautauqua type of summer colony, still serviceable where the conditions favor it.

There is another aspect of the situation in New Mexico of an even profounder and more revealing significance in its relation to the problem of American culture as a whole. The native, Spanish-speaking population, descendants of our Spanish colonial families, have expressed themselves more definitely on the subject of the proposed "culture colony" than upon any cultural problem since the American occupation. Courteously but firmly, and with a thoroughly Latin capacity for expressing more than they have said, El Centro de Cultura and El Union Protectiva have added themselves to the numerical majority of protestants. Up to the time that the project was prematurely announced as an accomplished fact, it had occurred to nobody to ask whether the Spanish colonials, whose cultural status has for a hundred years been that of a conquered people, had anything to say to this second invasion. During which time it has been forgotten that this people came to New Mexico out of the siglo de oro that produced Lope de Vega, Calderon, the Escurial, grand opera and the novel, all the golden century of Spain. Seeds like that can lie in a racial strain a long time, and then put forth, as here in New Mexico they are beginning to do, signs of self-rooted cultural life. Today there is among the descendants of these oldest American families more of the kind of expression that is called "folk art" than in any indigenous group within the United States. Wouldn't it be just that dramatic value which the invisible History Maker loves, if this reviving root of one of the world's great ages of cultural advance should be the point on which our most purposefully cultural institution snags? Wouldn't it somehow take the wind out of a few bubbles that float red, white and blue on the surface of our national expression?

There is no doubt that the Chautauqua as an institution has a legitimate, even an honored place in our cultural evolution. But it belongs to and legitimately ends with the era of its distinguished culture hero, William Jennings Bryan. Probably its best service will prove to be the evidence it affords that its characteristic product, the Chautauqua mind, is not the material out of which golden centuries are made. And in the meantime Santa Fe adds to its uniqueness of joyous adventure by becoming the town that wouldn't have a Chautauqua.

MARY AUSTIN.

Washington Notes

I AM afraid to make any prediction about the adjournment of Congress. Some weeks ago along with everybody else I felt convinced the session would not be prolonged beyond the middle of June. Here it is close to the end of the month and there is just as much uncertainty about the final date as there was. It may have ended by the time this is in print and it may continue on to the last of July. The bald fact is there is no stable leadership in the majority party in Washington. The feebleness of the White House is reflected in the Senate and the compactness and control exercised by the Longworth machine in the House is rendered ineffectual because of the lack of clear comprehension at the top. The House leaders could do what they want if they knew exactly what it is, but they don't. Twice now it has been announced that Senate and House leaders had agreed on a program and adjournment fixed for a certain date and twice, on the following day, Mr. Madden or some other committee chairman has kicked the plans to pieces.

The placidity of the good Calvin, however, is not disturbed either by the hash made of his recommendations for legislative action or by the embarrassment of Mr. Mellon and his Pennsylvania friends in having the dreadfully intimate and expensive details of their unfortunate little fight in Pennsylvania laid bare to the public gaze. He has recently entertained at the White House several friendly and appreciative magazine writers, taken down on the Mayflower two or three of our leading publishers who had not had their turn, and extended luncheon hospitality to a couple of agricultural editors from the Middle West. No secret is made around the Executive offices of the Presidential desire to get Congress off his hands and to have Washington to himself, as he did last summer. Then the cozy twice-a-week conferences with the correspondents at the White House loom larger through lack of news competition.

There will, however, I am told, not be quite as large a group of correspondents accompanying the Presidential party to the Kirkwood camp in the Adirondacks this summer as gathered at Swampscott a year ago and this fact is rather resented by the little group of Massachusetts claque-claque boys who hover around the White House and whose political association with Mr. Coolidge before he became Vice-President enables them to qualify as "insiders." These fellows jealously watch for any signs of diminishing interest upon the part of the press in the President and are disposed to look upon any lack of eagerness to join the Presidential summer entourage as savoring of

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unfriendliness on the part of some and disloyalty on the part of others. The frame of mind into which some of these claque-claque boys work themselves over little things like this is really surprising. So far as the White House is concerned this is an administration of small suspicions and it is really astounding the insignificant and trivial things around which some of the grudges are built. It is not altogether a sweet atmosphere in which to live and so far as I have heard there will be few volunteers among the "corps of correspondents" for the Kirkwood Kamp this summer. Those who go will be drafted. Still it will be a goodly number at that.

The great American public is certainly a curious creature. Two years ago the oil scandal left it cold. The exposure of the dreadful doings under Daugherty in the Department of Justice failed to stir up any excitement. Last year the utterly indefensible attitude of the saintly Mr. Mellon toward the investigation of his Aluminum Corporation hardly created a ripple. In fact the harder the Democrats and Progressives hammered, the more noble and patriotic Mr. Mellon seemed to the people and the only popular result was resentment over an unjustified attack upon a great man.

And then just when the conviction gets thoroughly set that it is impossible any longer really to arouse anybody over any kind of political or governmental misconduct, along comes the Pennsylvania primary exposure and proves it all wrong. Because there is not the slightest question but that in every part of the country the facts concerning the huge expenditure in that state under the direction of Mr. Mellon and his family have thoroughly sunk in. No one thinks there is any political motive in the exposure. The country knows that an effort was made to buy an election by flooding a state with money to an extent never before dreamed of in this or any other country, and the public knows that the sort of thing which Mr. Mellon, his family and his friends permitted to be done in his state, was neither patriotic nor pure, that it was calculated to bring our whole political system into disrepute and destroy confidence of the average citizen in his government. No great public outcry has been made about it, but reports brought to Washington from various sections in the last week leave no doubt that people generally have taken the lesson to heart. It has sunk in in a way the oil scandals and the Aluminum Corporation case utterly failed to do. The interesting thing is that here at the end of the session dear old Mr. Mellon's reputation instead of being enhanced has dwindled. Neither he nor Senator Reed—it is not worth while to talk about Pepper—will ever be politically quite the same impeccable and powerful personages they were before. They have been irretrievably damaged. This Pennsylvania business has soaked into the people. There is not a politician in Washington who does not know it.

The most interesting rumor in Washington this week concerns the Vice-President, the Hon. Mr. Dawes. Those who usually know what is what say that the Dawes plans this summer do not include many weeks of idleness in Illinois and a trip to Europe. Nor will he go—or be invited—to visit Mr. Coolidge in the Adirondacks. The breach between the two is too complete now for anyone to ignore. What Mr. Dawes has in mind, it is said, is a tour of the corn belt states, on which he will at various points address the farmers. The idea is, so it is contended, still further to augment the friendly feelings Western agriculturists have come to entertain toward the Vice-President as a result of his interest in and advocacy of the principle of the equalization fee, which is the backbone and bottom of the Haugen bill. It will, it is declared, be a very good summer for Mr. Dawes to make this sort of tour. Ex-Governor Lowden will be in Europe, Mr. Coolidge will be vocal only as the Presidential Spokesman, and he will have no competition. Of course plans of this kind for the summer may not be in the Dawes mind at all, but such is the report—and I submit it is not *without interest.* T. R. B.

Washington.

The Sense of Life

MARSEILLES presents itself to you without preparation and without comment. It is there that the traveler first sees the Mediterranean; usually the train goes on, and the traveler with it, to the Riviera or to Italy. Neither Marseilles nor the guide book invites you to stop.

It wants a full day. Although each of its two movements is complete, each one intends the other as its complement, like the systole and diastole of the heart; rather like night and day, making a complete cycle of life.

Marseilles is a great French port and at the same time it is one of the inlets through which Asia and Africa filter into Europe. By day you find it wholly French, of the south of France, to be sure, clear and animated and sane. The famous Cannebière ("its cafés always filled with consummators" as the guide book puts it) is a short wide street, much like the principal street of any other city of the Midi, except that it debouches on a quai which, whatever the guide books may suggest, is one of the major glories of the world. It is the Quai des Belges, the short riparian side of the rectangle forming the Old Port. The two long sides are lined with rows of battered freighters, dismantled Russian yachts or battle-cruisers, and lovely old sailing vessels. Above them on one side are the soft cream and gray houses rising terrace on terrace on the hills of the old city; from the other a cathedral looks down on the two forts at the mouth of the bay, an ancient one which protected the Crusaders and another, one of the clean sober architectural pleasures with which Vauban made beautiful the cities he was asked to make only secure. At the far end, parallel to the quai, is a strange bridge, very high, with a platform at sea level which moves on its cable, back and forth like a shuttle across the bay, so that wherever and whenever you look, there is movement.

The life that goes on in this little rectangle is neither a pageant nor a carnival; it has nothing of the picturesque. Yet it endlessly creates images of an extraordinary liveliness, and as they congregate in the mind they take on a peculiar significance. The elements are almost all commonplace: loafers on the quai where the little launches

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start for Monte Cristo's island; a defile of soldiers in khaki or blue; the tiny noisy trams; a small herd of goats awkwardly blocking the taxis and vegetable carts; dogs running underneath little carriages to keep in the shade; women with the faces of gypsies marketing for mussels or eels or dorade at the corner shops; the sidewalks of the cafés deserted in the bright blinding sun, and the crowds within talking and gesticulating; policemen, beggars, little girls, sellers of newspapers and almonds. The tempo is not exceptionally high; but the place is compact, the lines of activity run parallel to each other, the change is instantaneous and constant. As you sit on the balcony at Basso's, achieving the literary, and actual, delight of bouillabaisse comme à Marseilles, life passes before you with more vivacity and ease, more variety and assurance, with more color and sounds and smells, than at any other spot I know. All centres in cities: Trafalgar or Times Square, the terrace of the Café de la Paix or at Florian's in St. Mark's, are merely parades of people. On this quai work is being done and all the essential things of life have their relation here, and the smell and movement of the sunlit sea are the background.

More than the separate pleasures of the senses, there is a fulfilled satisfaction in looking at the Quai des Belges, a feeling of elation that each element in the panorama is what it is, so completely and so intensely. Everything seems to grow there, is fed by the sea and draws vigor from the sun, becomes tanned and sharp and healthy. In the late afternoon the setting sun is very hot; the city grows charmingly small and drowsy.

It wakes to another life. From the centre of the city you mount series of stairs, ill-lit, with the stench of ordure overpowering the smell of the sea. At the top the narrow streets intercross, all sloping downward, and from each one in the centre runs slowly a dark stream of water carrying refuse with it and casting up little heaps in the roadway. At one level the night-town of Marseilles begins with the rue Fontaine Rouvière. All its length it is bordered by small houses, their doors and windows open, each showing a room on the street-level, and each with a neat bed and a chair. In one a girl is brushing her hair by candle light, before the door of another two women, heavy and brutal, sit at ease, talking; now and again a slattern snatches at your sleeve and hurls a tin can, with her compliments, after you as you escape. Sailors push their way through, clutching their caps, throwing off the women who reach out for them, until they reach the appointed rendezvous. Up and down the street pass cries, laughter, conversation; the open houses throw their light, almost as sinister as the shadows in front of those where the blinds have been temporarily drawn. As you walk you feel that there is no sky overhead, but a roof, just above you, shutting you in as in a tunnel. It is black and dirty, and dogs lie asleep on the dunghills.

In the narrow café little girls dance with tidy rhythmical steps, the typical shuffle of French popular dancing, while their soldiers droop heavily over the bad liquor. A man and a girl pass through the room and through an equivocal curtain; presently they reappear; the mechanical piano responds briefly to a coin. Opposite you see a name over a door: Cythera, and under it, in the doorway, sits an old woman, massive, motionless except for her sharp eyes, terrifying. The other houses bear international names, also, like Anna or Jeanne. Toward the end of the maze of streets, as you return to the quais, the thieves' quarter begins, and the shops where you must order narcotics twenty-four hours in advance.

The city is full of terror, of disease and crime. There is a feeling of mutilation and cruelty, for all that the surface is so matter of fact; it is unbearably repulsive and fascinating. The long day in the sun is blotted out by this darkness, a horrible depression overtakes you. You shudder, and cannot leave, and wander back to the Old Port, looking at the riding lights of the ships and at the reflections of light in the motionless water.

GILBERT SELDES.

Glorious Venice

WHEN you see a yellow pine pipe-box or a kitchen stool go for more than a Renaissance enamel would bring or a crystal of the seventeenth century, you have, if you are blessed with a serene mind, two reflections: one, that this is after all pure collecting, collecting divorced from all meaning or beauty or use, like paying trebly for the copy of Keats with the misprint on the last page or one of the ten first stamps of Heligoland printed in the wrong brown through a misunderstanding on the engraver's part—this is after all pure collecting as a legitimate pastime and quite harmless, better than doctors, and in no way related to taste or any culture but that of mere hobbyism. The second reflection is that with the vogue running to Early American, the earlier the better, modest fortunes stand a better chance of acquiring beautiful things, Spanish eighteenth century and seventeenth century, Stuart, Louis Quinze, Gothic, late Venetian, Early Tuscan and almost every Italian period.

The American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum, visited by hordes of sightseers and house furnishers and designers, serves many purposes, not the least among which is to make clear and very clear the fact that our Colonial art of decoration was not the lean affair that most people seem determined to understand by the term Early American. Much of this designing in the American Wing is provincial if you like, renderings of august and elegant forms that are to their original prototypes as Bryant's Thanatopsis is to Wordsworth or Mrs. Mowatt's Fashion to Sheridan and Congreve. But much of the Early American is pleasantly livable and rich, full of color and not without its daring and courage. Its invention is passable, its skill often admirable. Its diapason of expression is fairly wide; it is no more an affair of pine and apple wood and oak scraped down into stools and boxes than our President's simple virtues as organized by the press are the profound qualities of heroic life and character. But pushed to its extremest leanness and considered as an expression of life in art, much of this Early American is about like a Beethoven symphony played on a village fiddle.

Not far from the American Wing there has now been installed the room from the Sagredo Palace in Venice.

This bedroom, admirably recorded by Mr. Preston

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Remington in the museum bulletin, comes from the palace of a Venetian family that was never of the front rank in that republic, never of the Contarini's rank, for example, nor of the rank of the Loredan or Mocenigo families. The first Venetian branch of it came from Dalmatia. After seven centuries the Sagredi came nearer to the front, one member was Doge of the Republic in the middle of the seventeenth century. Another, after renowned missions to England and France, rose still further through his defense of Francesco Morosini, whose family palace fell to Zacaria Sagredo in the early years of the eighteenth century. This Morosini Palace was on the Grand Canal one door from the Ca d'Oro. Zacaria Sagredo set about restorations and redecorations within the ancient Gothic house of the Morosini, and among these innovations falls this bedchamber that came into the possession of the Metropolitan twenty years ago and that now finds a proper setting in the new wing.

On this room worked the celebrated artists in stucco, Carpoforo Mazetti of Bissone and Abondio Statio of Massagno, of whom the first has a famous decoration in the Church of the Gesuiti in Venice. The ceiling painting was done by Gasparo Diziani of Belluno, a pupil of Sebastiano Ricci. The bedroom consists of an alcove for the bed and dressing-table and an ante-chamber for reception purposes. The green ground of the color design —the panels are green brocatelle—is overworked with gold, with which are mingled cream and red and diverse values of brown. Amorini with garlands of flowers compass the entablature of the ceiling, in which leafages run around a space panelled by stiles; and amorini carry the central painting overhead, Daziani's Dawn Triumphant over Night. The ceiling is supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters, beautifully designed. The amorini are far better than most, finely modelled and charmingly varied. Over the doors there are two designs in stucco, heavy draperies heavily fringed about, one of a Bacchic dance, the other of two swans beside an urn. Between the bed alcove and the ante-chamber the frame of the opening goes further yet, amorini to the number of seven swirl and fly, lightly as air, and rosy as love in the Venetian dream; they carry more flower garlands and lift a cartouche in the centre with Zacaria's cipher. The alcove rises one step from the ante-chamber, its ceiling is a dome with a gilt medallion of Venus and elaborate fringed draperies in stucco. The two closets in the alcove show more amorini still and very fine arabesques. Around the room runs a dado, wood panelled above a red and white marble base. Everything is original except the wood panels, the terrazzo floor to the ante-chamber—the alcove has its original marquetry floor—and the door frames of yellow marble. The remounting of the room has been thoroughly carried out, except that the doors are shown outside at right angles to the entrance and the doorspaces are thus left blank, an arrangement that is doubtless necessary in a museum, but that disturbs the emphasis in the color design of the room.

The furnishings of this apartment are from various sources, an apt bed, baroque running toward rococo, a Louis XV sofa, a green lacquered secretary, two scrolled gilt candlesticks, these last English and indicative of the English vogue in Venice at this epoch. The mirrors and consoles come from the Sagredo Palace.

The effect of this Venetian art of the eighteenth century is rich and intricate. It descends sumptuously from that of the century of Veronese and Titian; less august, less distinguished it is of course, but full of invention and spirit. This spirit, rising in the Sagredo room to the fairest heights, is one of the secrets of the room's achievement. The mass of motives and materials that are present might easily become heavy, fat and crowded to a too overbearing pressure. The effect might have been showy and vulgar, a showy vulgarity the exact opposite of the anæmic vulgarity of some of our spindle-legged art admired for its restraint and refinement. This spirit in the Sagredo room, buoying it up and carrying off its sumptuous variety, is a spirit that is light and gay and learned at once; the whole is executed by a technique so sure that all the effort appears to be a pleasure, and is lit with an inexhaustible rich vivacity. The dying poetry of the late lagoons is in it, a passing world fast growing irresponsible and greedy of pleasure and beauty, an autumnal splendor of texture and form, fancy and sophistication.

Looking at that magnificent apartment I am reminded of the later development of these Italian forms in France and of what an old Venetian said to me once: "The Italians create, the French finish"; and of how these French refinements came back to Venice later to be followed. I am reminded of the great English milords who came here on the grand tour, carrying back with them furniture and trappings for their houses, consoles, tables, royal beds to be seen now in great English houses. And finally I am reminded of the Victorian baroque, very good sometimes, never highly creative, never much beyond charming, but often how charming and livable! In their safe way, getting safer and duller as the century went on, these Victorians too went in for more color than we are apt to think and for more courage and festivity than flutters at the tail of a Prince Albert. Perhaps slowly even now this Victorian encroaches on the Early American for the conquest of dealers', decorators' and collectors' souls.

And what of the baroque and the new Metropolitan Opera House that is to be built? STARK YOUNG.

Bell Tower

I have seen, O desolate one, the voice has its tower,
The voice also, builded at secret cost,
Its temple of precious tissue. Not silent, then,
Forever. Casting silence in your hour.

There marble boys are leant from the light throat,
Thick locks that hang with dew, and eyes dew-lashed,
Dazzled with morning, angels of the wind,
With ear a-point to the enchanted note.

And these at length shall tip the hanging bell,
And first the sound must gather in deep bronze,
Till rarer than ice, purer than a bubble of gold,
It fill the sky, to beat on an airy shell.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Plight of the British Miners

SIR: We are enclosing an appeal which has just come to us from the five men whose names are signed to it, with the request that we ask you if you will not give it prominent place in your pages. We gladly ask this of you, first of all because of our confidence in the men whose names are appended to the appeal. Miss Evelyn Preston, who has just come to this country to represent the British Committee of Women for Relief of the Miners' Wives and Children, was also asked to try to bring this appeal before the churches of the country. She informs us that in England it is not a matter of whether the strikers are justified in certain demands or not, but a case of perplexing industrial situations in which there is right on both sides. She says that the British public, regardless of strikes or lock-outs are doing everything in their power to help care for the women and children dependent upon the miners until the case is settled by the government.

May we not ask you to do everything in your power to further this gesture of goodwill from America to England.

Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, President, Federal Council of Churches; Bishop McConnell; Mr. Sherwood Eddy; Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, General Secretary, World Alliance for International Friendship; Mr. Fred B. Smith, Chairman, Executive Committee, World Alliance for International Friendship; Dr. Frederick Lynch, Educational Secretary, World Alliance for International Friendship; Dr. John M. Moore, Pastor, Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn; Dr. Worth M. Tippy, Commission, Church and Social Service, Federal Council; Dr. Peter Ainslie, Pastor, Christian Temple, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. James H. Franklin, Secretary American Baptist Foreign Mission Society; Rev. Samuel McCrea Cavert, General Secretary Federal Council.

New York, N. Y.

[ENCLOSURE]

To the Christians of America:

Whatever your opinion as to the justice of the strike of the coal miners of Great Britain, you are not going to stand idly by while millions of British workers and their families are facing starvation. For that is the truth of the situation in the coal fields of Britain today. Four million miners, their women and children are in the most desperate straits. Last year they averaged the pitiful weekly earnings of from $15 to $11. This year 300,000 men have been averaging only $7.30 per week. No chance to save on such earnings. Strike relief has been given only in a few areas.

And on top of this—the lock-out and the threat of starvation. Lady Astor, the Prince of Wales, men and women in all walks of life have been giving to the miners' relief irrespective of their opinions. This is your opportunity to demonstrate the true spirit of brotherhood. Whatever funds you give will be distributed in the form of food to the women and children of the British miners, the innocent victims of a cruel industrial disaster.

Show the world that the church people of America are not deaf to the bitter cry of the women and children. Give generously and give now. Your prompt action will save countless lives. Send your check or money order today to Miss Evelyn Preston, Treasurer, British Miners' Relief Committee, 799 Broadway, New York City.

Bishop Gore; Bishop Temple of Manchester; Dr. F. W. Norwood, Pastor of City Temple, London; Dr. A. E. Garvie, Principal of New College, Hampstead; Dr. Thomas Nightingale, Secretary of the Evangelical Free Church Council.

The Farmer Question

SIR: As a reader of the New Republic, I am sorry for the article appearing in the number thereof under date June 2 under the caption, Another Farmer Defeat. During the several years that I have read the New Republic, I have come to depend on it as well informed and fair. It is however difficult to draw such conclusions from the article in question.

What agriculture seeks in Congress is a measure of economic equality with industry and labor in so far as legislation is responsible for economic conditions now prevailing. It is not within the power of the farmer to "prevent the growth of top-heavy and inefficient cities" nor to "decentralize industry geographically" as suggested by the New Republic.

By enacting into law the high protective tariff, a higher price level on industrial products in America obtained and by enacting into law the present restriction on immigration, a higher wage obtained; the prices of both commodities enter into the farmers' cost of production. Higher prices on industrial products and higher prices on labor mean a higher cost of production to the farmer. If the present high protective tariff on industrial products is wiped out, what would happen to prices on such products; if the present immigration law was repealed giving to foreign labor free influx to our country, what would happen to wages? It is obvious. Would not as unfavorable economic conditions as farmers are struggling with today reign supreme in industry and among labor as a consequence? Now, the farmer does not ask these things, but asks that the principle of protection be made effective in our local markets on that which they produce. He, too, likes to sell in local markets at foreign prices *plus* an import tax—he is now selling at foreign prices *minus* transportation and other charges. Not only does he *like* to sell *plus*, but as a matter of fact he *must* sell on these bases if he is to exist and live like other white people. He can no longer subsidize industry by providing necessities of life at a loss. His land no longer advances in price and he must look to receipts from what he produces *alone* to meet the cost of production.

It is because of these facts that the farmer appeals to Congress for relief and it would seem to the writer that no fair minded person who understands that issue would oppose him.

ISRAEL SJOBERG.

Roseau, Minn.

[We repeat that in the Haugen bill the farmers were not asking too much; they were asking too little. Our correspondent's reasoning is good so far as it goes. But the Haugen bill was not the remedy: first, because of the practical difficulties involved in the apportionment and collection of equalization fees; second, because of the difficulty of preventing increased production as the domestic price rises; third, because even if the plan did work and the prices of agricultural products rose permanently, those price increases would straightway be translated into increased land values, and a considerable percentage, if not a majority, of the farmers would be as badly off as ever. We believe that in supporting the Haugen bill the farmers' efforts were misdirected. The positive aims we suggested as substitutes were necessarily stated in general language on account of the requirements of space; we hope from time to time to elaborate on them.—THE EDITORS.]

Mussolini

SIR: Is Mussolini a superman of the Nietzschean type? He is a romanticist without a hard sense of reality, save that just before his eyes, a dreamer—a superman is not.

He is a blusterer, a swashbuckler—a superman is not.

Eloquence is no particular mark of a superman—it is cheap; witness the frequent American brand.

Mussolini is Machiavellian (in the sense of shrewd, wily, crafty) enough, takes short range views, is not properly a thinker at all, and intellect is the supreme mark of Nietzsche's superman.

Undoubtedly he has good points, e. g., energy, but energy without intellectual guidance may make waste in the world.

Washington, D. C. WILLIAM M. SALTER.

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IN IRELAND

To Llewellyn Powys

I. The Landing

The great ship, lantern-girdled,
The tender standing by;
The waning stars, cloud-shrouded,
The land that we descry.

That pale land is our homeland,
And we are bound therefor:
On her lawns nor in her coppice
No birds as yet make stir.

But birds are flying round us,
The white birds of the sea—
It is the breeze of morning,
This that comes hummingly.

And like the talk that comes from
A room where a babe is born—
Such clearness and such mystery
Are in words said on the morn;

Where, as a nation cloven
In two our ranks divide:
One-half on the high ship's bulwark,
And one-half by the tender's side;

Where, as a people sundered
That yet have each other's hail,
Faces look down from the bulwark,
And look up from the tender's rail.

And names and words are spoken—
"Nancy," "Mary," "Owen."
"Goodbye, and keep your promise!"
"Farewell to you, my son."

They are more spirit-stirring
Than any words that are
Remembered from the spokesmen
Of any avatar!

"Oh, all I had to tell you!"
"Ellen," "Michael," "Joan!"
"Good-bye, and God be with you!
"And can it be you're gone!"

The great ship, lantern-girdled,
Her engines thresh, immerse—
The great ship that had station
Takes motion for her course!

Her little course the tender,
Our little ship, goes on—
The stars, they are fast waning,
But we'll land ere 'tis the dawn!

Green, greener grows the foreland
Across the slate-dark sea,
And I'll see faces, places
That have been dreams to me!

II. A Mountaineer

Ere Beowulf's song
Was sung from the ships,
Ere Roland had set
The horn to his lips;

In Ogham strokes
A name was writ:
His name that name
Lives in yet.

The strokes on the edge
Of the stone might count
The acres he has
On this bare mount;

But he remembers
The pillar-stone,
And knows that he is
Of the seed of Conn.

III. Trespassers

. . . How, in the night, crows often take to wing,
Rising from off the tree-tops in Drumbarr,
And flying on. . . . I was aware indeed
Of what he told, and was revolving it.

The crows that shake the night-damp off their wings
Upon the stones, out yonder in the field;
The crows that march across the fields, that sit
Upon the ash-trees' branches; that fly home
And crowd the elm-trees over in Drumbarr;
The crows we look on at all hours of light,
Growing, and full, and going—these black beings have
Another lifetime!

Crows flying in the night—
Blackness in darkness flying; beings unseen
Except by eyes that are like to their own
Trespassers' eyes!

And you, old man, with eyes so quick and sharp,
Who've told me of the crows, my fosterer;
And you, old women, upon whose lap I've been set
When I was taken from my mother's lap;
And you, young girl, with looks that have come down
From forefathers, my kin—ye have another life—
I've glimpsed it; you have made me trespasser:
Blackness in darkness flying like the crows!

PADRAIC COLUM.

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Rough Justice

Rough Justice, by C. E. Montague. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

IN no respect has the change in attitude toward human experience reflected by fiction been so marked as in regard to war. The last century knew the military novel as a specialty similar to the political novel, the ecclesiastical novel, the novel of education or industry or the sea. The profession of arms was like other professions, an affair of a class. It lent itself to fiction because of its opportunities of adventure, humorous in camp, glorious in the field. The soldier's life or the sailor's as depicted by Lever or Grant or Marryat or Kipling was the rollicking existence of the boarding-school boy, with the romance of foreign women and the passion of national glory to round it out. When a serious novelist like Charles Kingsley dealt with war he thought of it as a purging experience for a nation sick with social illness, as a therapeutic experience for morbid character or a heaven-sent solution of individual problems.

The undertakers of the late War at first relied on fiction as a means of propaganda. Of Ian Hay we read in a popular manual: "His humor brought instant popularity to his war books"; and Miss May Sinclair in The Belfry salvaged her hero by warfare in the old Kingsley way. But in the end the undertakers must have felt that the story-tellers let them down badly. Long before the War was over they were suppressing fiction instead of encouraging it, and falling back on the more adaptable arts of Lord Northcliffe and Mr. George Creel. In the first place the writers of modern fiction had been brought up in a sterner school of realism, which made the romantic pictures of war impossible to their pens. And in the second place the conflict involved the entire people, with enormous effects on their social life. The battle or trench line became only one phase of warfare; the mass of the nation was involved in activities necessary to carrying on the War, and exposed to suffering and danger. The results of the War were too vast and too doubtful to be summed up in the single formula of national glory. Accordingly we find the major fiction of the World War realistic in its portrayal alike of the front and of conditions behind the lines, and critical as to its values. Irony is as expected a quality of the war novelist today, as was the humor of his predecessor.

Among the novels of the War priority in time belongs to Wells's Mr. Britling Sees it Through, that unimpeachable record of the mind of the average Englishman in the first year of the struggle. The breaking down of standards of morality is the theme of Galsworthy's Saint's Progress, and enters as a matter of course into Miss Sinclair's Anne Severn and the Fieldings, and many others. Arnold Bennett in The Pretty Lady puts Colonel Repington's friends, to whom the War was a new species of thrillage, into genial fiction. W. L. George writes in Blind Alley with more bitterness of hypocritical, profiteering patriotism. St. John Ervine in Changing Winds and Compton Mackenzie in The Heavenly Ladder find for their heroes a certain release from perplexities in action. To D. H. Lawrence in Kangaroo the supreme horror of war is the violence done to the individual soul and body by the mass levy, and Ford Madox Ford in No More Parades exposes the ugly reality of human nature darkened by the shadow of death.

Something of all these aspects of the War we find in Mr. Montague's Rough Justice, done, however, always with a surer hand and more certain stroke. He has given a sort of synthesis of war fiction. The preparation begins with the birth of Auberon Garth in the lovely old house by the Thames just outside of London but within tidewater, where his parents and their adopted ward Molly are awaiting his advent. The boy and girl growing up to the ebb and flood of the tide in the river, the boy's life at school, Auberon and his friends at Oxford—these have been the stuff of many novels, but Mr. Montague does them with a difference, and a distinction. They blend into a composite of English life in its richness and fulness, touched already by decay of which only Thomas Garth, Auberon's father, is dimly aware. It is a long summer of youth and idleness and joy, to which the mellow, lingering autumn is denied, upon which winter breaks suddenly and appallingly. So much to live for. So much to die for.

English novelists of the War have not been preëminent in accounts of the front. Of them all Mr. Montague comes nearest to Barbusse or Latzko. The little group of citizens who are mustered with Auberon and his friends into the King's Own Middlesex Fusiliers—the boxing teacher, the market porter from Smithfield, the hunting parson, the Glasgow shipwright, the elementary school teacher, the professional tenor, the taxicab tout from Leicester Square and the rest—become like the squad in Le Feu, friends whose fate comes home to each of them and to us. The physical discomfort of wet and cold and hunger and stench, the sheer agony of weariness, the terror of death, alone in darkness, these are rendered vividly and memorably. Auberon is too healthy a young athlete to buckle. He has no problems to solve except a sort of remoteness from his father which the War brings to an end. But his friend Victor is a more complicated case. Like Lawrence's hero, he is an individual unfit for mass action, the victim of a false pride which he is too weak to confess until physical and nervous weakness break him down; and his fate becomes a moral horror compared to which death in the field is merciful.

Victor and Auberon are Mr. Montague's leading types of the physical and moral effects of war on the soldier. Other characters and phases deepen his background and extend his scope. There is Colin March who enlists with Auberon and Victor as a private, but takes cover in the general staff—and emerges covered with decorations for which his frank humor offers a disarming apology: "Of course, I'm the jeune premier des embusqués—I'm juvenile lead in the whole farce of funk—I'm the Unconscientious-Objector-in-Chief." There is no figure in the gallery of war rogues so scorned in fiction as the vulgar, low-bred nobleman who sold the War to the gudgeon public as news and took blood money for lies. W. L. George did the type in Caliban. Mr. Montague reproduces it in Sir George Roads whom Auberon has to entertain at the front. "He brought two Rolls-Royce cars and two chauffeurs, a body servant, a golf professional, a short-hand clerk and a masseur—all young, strapping men in high condition. His papers were crying aloud at the time for 'firmer' dealings with Quakers and other refrainers from the fight. But the baronet's darling hobby was 'German atrocities.' All his papers offered a full supply of these daily—crucifixion of captured British soldiers, preferential bombings of British hospitals, cannibalism by Germans in the field and so on. He burned to reciprocate these visionary crimes." There is the Rev. Cyril Ducat, the head of Au-

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beron's college, whose habitual snobbishness partakes of the prevailing thirst for blood. "Forty-seven eldest sons of peers, he bade Auberon mark, had fallen in the first year alone. He had by heart a list of famous houses to which they had been heirs, and he described the family portraits." There is Lord Wynnant, perfectly informed and perfectly cynical. "I suppose it can all be hushed up —French's flight and Rawley's cropper in 1916 and the way Hubert Gough was deserted in March"—etc.

But Rough Justice is not written in bitterness or cynicism. The angry spirit of protest which animated the first flight of war novels is here subdued to a mood of reconciliation. The beauty of the world and of humanity has survived the destruction of war—thus far. There is a chance for the future.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

New England in the Republic

New England in the Republic, 1776-1850, by James Truslow Adams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 438 pages. $5.

WITH this volume Mr. Adams completes his trilogy on the destiny of that corner of our country in which physiographical, psychological, political and moral influences combined to produce and to perpetuate for two and a half centuries the most pronounced, self-conscious example of sectionalism in our history. I use the word trilogy in a more specific sense than the designation of a three-volume work merely, for there is in Mr. Adams's study something akin to the Greek tragedy: the inexorable, self-conditioned fate, the confident tone of the protagonists, the disturbed choruses of the half-consenting, half-protesting victims. For the first time we have a thoroughly objective presentation of a theme which "filiopietistic" historians from Cotton Mather to John G. Palfrey have used to corroborate the judgment of the old Governor Stoughton, who said that God sifted a nation to plant the seed of the choicest harvest in a Puritan commonwealth. The cold douche of Mr. Adams's pitiless analysis of the New England psychology will come like a shock to many of the sons of that region. I had just finished reading the third volume on the train to Boston and laid the book on my knee, when a fellow graduate of Harvard caught sight of it from his seat across the club car, and said with a feeble smile, "He is pretty hard on us, isn't he?" Mr. Adams might have admitted or denied the impeachment. At any rate, he anticipated the complaint. For in the closing paragraph of his work he writes:

> The story has not been drawn without its deep shadows. From the days of John Winthrop to those of William Lloyd Garrison, the leaders of New England, as well as its lesser characters, were human beings with all the mixture of motives which characterizes men. Perhaps, at times, in a reaction against the old point of view which regarded all Puritans and all Revolutionary soldiers and agitators as saints and patriots, we may have been tempted to stress the shadows rather than the lights. But it is well that all sides of the story be told, for our forebears were men like ourselves, and the work which they wrought can bear the truth.

Whether "the truth" has emerged, however, from a treatment in which the shadows of New England life and character have been so faithfully stressed, and the lights left to shine in comparative silence, is, perhaps, the very question which Mr. Adams's adverse critics would raise. The author's justification must be found in the fact that he regards his work as a corrective.

In this third volume of the trilogy Mr. Adams has been confronted with problems of arrangement and emphasis which were far less troublesome in the first two volumes. The integrating theme of The Founding of New England, 1620-1691, was obviously the establishment of the Puritan domination in conflict with various political, economic and social interests in both old and New England, until its modification in the new charter of King William III. The second volume, on Revolutionary New England, 1691-1776, also followed a well defined plot, or double plot, in the long development of the opposition of the most independently-minded section of the colonies to British control in government and commerce, and the increasing protest of the augmenting non-Puritan and non-privileged classes in the New England communities themselves. With the attainment of American independence, only the last of these problems remained. And to it Mr. Adams does full justice in the present volume. "The main theme of the book," he says in his preface, "may be considered to be the continued struggle of the common man to realize the doctrines of the Revolution in the life of the community." These doctrines, however, were certainly not the doctrines of Puritanism or of privilege. Therefore, while the theme, in a way, carries on from the preceding volumes, it is much changed; and in addition there are a multitude of new factors, caused by the new status of independence, which have to be woven into the story.

The most important of these factors, in the reviewer's opinion, is the conflict between the new leaven of nationalism, which was inevitably working in every section of the country since 1776, and the old lump of sectionalism. Mr. Adams chooses the year 1850 as the date when "the current of nationalism swept the New England states into the swift movement of what had by then become a genuinely national life"; and hence he makes that year the terminus of his work. But, at the same time, he realizes that the current of nationalism was swirling about New England, deflecting her course continually, even if not yet fully sweeping her into the full "swift movement." He is obliged, therefore, to write the history of a section whose sectionalism is not the sundered particularism of the quasi-independent régime of the colonial era, but is constantly subject to the exigencies of federal interests and conditioned by the intrusion of federal authority.

Mr. Adams might have yielded in this dilemma to the easy temptation to write a purely political history of New England from the outbreak of the Revolution to the Compromise of 1850, which would have amply filled his 400 and odd pages—and added very little to what we may patch together from the histories of McMaster, Channing, Schouler and Henry Adams. Fortunately, he has resisted the temptation, and has relegated New England's relation to the national government to the second plan, in order to give the centre of the stage to New England herself. The skill and success with which he has performed this difficult task of continuing the history of a section as his main theme, without losing sight of the due influences of the larger concerns of the nation upon the section, are apparent in every chapter of the book. This is, we think, the peculiar merit of Mr. Adams's

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work. It is a genuine history of New England in the *time* of the Republic that he gives us, and not a history of New England's *part* in the Republic. The Revolutionary War, the Critical Period, the framing and adoption of the Constitution, the War of 1812, the era of national expansion are all included in the book, in their proper setting, as the scenic background; but the play is always the social drama of the struggle of the common people of New England for the liberty, equality and democracy so lavishly promised them by the Revolutionary leaders: the struggle of the masses who did the fighting, paid the taxes, and kept the farms and industries going, against the stubborn conservatism of the classes who, from the days of the Winthrops and the Endicotts to the days of the Cabots and the Dwights held to the privileges sanctioned by tradition.

Not only has Mr. Adams kept the distinctiveness of New England from being merged into the larger history of the nation, but he has also preserved the unity of the section from disintegrating into the separate history of the five (after 1820, six) states that comprised it. As in the two preceding volumes, Massachusetts, the most populous, the most aggressive and, until the separation of Maine, the largest state of the section, naturally receives the largest share of the book—and the lion's share of Mr. Adams's objurgations. "The spirit of intolerance and forcible coercion that appears again and again throughout the entire history of Massachusetts"; "a much greater tendency to descend to the arguments of threatenings, intimidation, physical violence, bloodshed, and mob action"; "a ruling class . . . singularly impervious to ideas"; "the state in which the doctrine of government by the well born was carried to its furthest point and in which the government had the narrowest franchise," and, withal, the one "which had the most trouble with its people"—are some of the indictments against the Bay State. Its native sons will have to find such comfort as they may in President Coolidge's exhortation to "Have faith in Massachusetts!" Still, Mr. Adams features other states occasionally, when they illustrate with peculiar aptness some phase of the struggle between privilege and the new social class brought to the surface by the Revolutionary agitation: for example, the method of preparing the "slate" for the election of the Council in Connecticut, the Dorr Rebellion in Rhode Island, and the intrigues of certain discontented Vermonters during the Revolution to thwart the pretensions of New York to sovereignty over their territory by securing a neutral status under British protection. Indeed, this last topic, which Mr. Adams treats in some detail in sixteen pages, contains some very startling and disconcerting material for people who know Ethan Allen only as the lion-hearted patriot of 1775, who demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

It seems to the reviewer that Mr. Adams would have done better to bring his story of New England sectionalism to a close with the Hartford Convention of 1814. He confesses in the preface that the movement "reached its climax in the War of 1812," and he devotes about three-quarters of his book to the period from the outbreak of the first to the close of the second war with Great Britain. The remaining five chapters, covering in 120 pages the almost equally long period from the Treaty of Ghent to the middle of the nineteenth century, depart somewhat from the admirable plan of confining the narrative to that period of New England history when the sectional characteristics were not only clearly marked against the background of national interests, but also clearly directive of her own social and economic development. Of course, sectional interests have always played their part, and do today, in our national politics. One might find, I believe, as many factors prominent in New England history in the period from 1850 to 1920 (Sumnerism, Mugwumpism, anti-Imperialism, anti-Wilsonism) to justify the prolongation of the story of "New England in the Republic" into the twentieth century, as one finds in the period 1815 to 1850 to justify its prolongation into the middle of the nineteenth century. Many of the topics which occupy Mr. Adams's attention in these closing chapters, such as the tariff, the Missouri Compromise, the immigration problem, anti-Catholic riots, the panic of 1837, humanitarian reforms, education, the anti-slavery movement, seem to have had but an incidental bearing on New England's history. It may well be that each of them played a part in the decline of the sectionalism which is so clearly marked up to the close of the War of 1812, but the process is not so convincingly shown to the reader as are the stages of the growth and maintenance of New England sectionalism in the earlier chapters of the book.

There are very few factual criticisms that even the most meticulous scholar would make in this careful and well documented work. Evidently, the statement at the beginning of Chapter IX that the American colonies had been dependent on England for "over two hundred years" when the Revolution was won is a slip. Many would question the assertion that with the Embargo "the nation entered upon the most disastrous experiment in its history." Squatter sovereignty was a far more "disastrous experiment." Nor was the Embargo, if we may believe the reports of Pinckney to Madison from London, so contemptible a weapon in the eyes of "our European enemies." On page 297, Mr. Adams says that "the delegation from Massachusetts comprised approximately one-third of the members" of the Hartford Convention; whereas, on the previous page he lists them as twelve out of a total representation of twenty-six. The statement that "the Southerners at once seized upon the idea of making the admission of Maine, which of course would come in as a free state, depend upon the admission of Missouri as a slave state," is rather turning the matter around, since it was Senator Thomas of Illinois who proposed making the admission of Missouri as a slave state depend upon the admission of Maine as a free state.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Adams has given us in these three volumes a classic of American history. The excellence of his work, despite the increased difficulty in handling the theme in the concluding volume, has been fully sustained; and the committee who awarded the Pulitzer prize to The Founding of New England could not hesitate retroactively to include Revolutionary New England and New England in the Republic in their commendation. Perhaps Mr. Adams's severe handling of the Puritans of the seventeenth century, the patriots of the eighteenth and the particularists of the nineteenth will give offense to some New Englanders, but others will not be in the least troubled by the honest interpretation of a scholar who sees the drama of New England history from a different angle and in a different perspective from those of the old New England school. At any rate, we New Englanders have learned that there are other Adamses than those of Braintree and Boston.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

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A Lyrical Biography

Joan of Arc, by Joseph Delteil. Translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 268 pages. $3.

THERE are many kinds of biography in these days of its vogue: one might almost say that Joan of Arc has been subjected to them all. There is the factual volume of Michelet from whose "excellent formula there is lacking the obscure part of God"; there is the sturdy attack of Anatole France and the glowing defense of Andrew Lang. There is Mark Twain's imaginative romance based on twelve years' accumulation of facts; there is Mr. Paine's careful and scrupulous Travel Diary; there is the epic slander of Voltaire, once the delight of kings and roués; there is the ironical drama of Bernard Shaw, with its reverently cleared centre where the virginal purity of the maid holds the satirist at arm's length; and there was, of course, the biographical onslaught of the official devil's advocate at her canonization. It has remained for Joseph Delteil to write, or rather sketch "in crayon and charcoal," a fascinating and consistent figure of his sovereign imagination whom he labels with her name.

The book is a flower of French genius, presented in amazingly satisfying English by Mr. Cowley. It carries the skill of Bazalgette and Maurois over the line from history to fiction. Bazalgette's Thoreau is, it is true, an imaginary monologue, but it is so rooted in Thoreau's actual words that we unconsciously add the quotation marks which the author's conscience refused to supply. But M. Delteil despises history. "As for documents and local color, may the devil carry them off." You can hear him saying with Paul, "If I have known Joan after the flesh, now know I her so no more." Yet there's a difference. Paul omits history in favor of a risen spirit. M. Delteil reconstructs history and portrays Joan as he wishes she had acted on earth: "Neither the dust of history nor desiccating breath of time can steal her living colors and her smile of flesh." "The love of Christ constraineth me," says Paul. "I love Joan of Arc," writes M. Delteil. "This is my principal reason for writing her life and there is none other required. Probably I am the only man who can understand this child today." "Joan of Arc was an eighteen-year-old girl in silk stockings, wearing a cloche. We must imagine her under our eyes, touch her with our hands. To imagine means to rejuvenate (!). She is a stenographer, or perhaps a shop girl at the Galeries Lafayette. She leaves her home, she commands the French armies, she conquers Europe and Asia. This is the true Joan of Arc." But M. Delteil's love for Joan is a genuine one and so has the right to make her over. It is not true to say with Mr. Cowley that "sometimes he is false to facts, but he is true to history." He is almost always false to facts, but he is true to the vision which sprang out of "the desert of archæology and stood fresh and splendid before [his] eyes." It is not Joan that shines resplendent in this short volume—it is, as M. Delteil knows, a new creation which his love and insight have called forth. There is a touch of Whitman as well as of Paul in these lines, "I know and acknowledge you, O woman, O sister, from the first of your dawns even to the last. And these flames and this black-hearted bishop (things created for each other) and all the rest—these soldiers the color of carrots, these horses of Satan, this dirty, unshaven hangman, even death—what do they matter, little sister, since you live in me and I in you, and since the pages of this book shall preserve us both eternally in one ink and one body."

The book presents to us a consistent if not an historical Joan. It could not have been created without the historic figure and one feels her spirit glowing in the new body she inhabits. Delteil's Joan is more flesh of our flesh than Joan of Domrémy and Rheims. She is less of a Catholic, more of a modernist. She spells her divinity with a capital, but the background of her Voices is rather the Universe than God. She falls from her tower to melt into It rather than to escape from the English. The Rheims Cathedral is filled with the strains of the Marseillaise and "the carbonic acid of respiration." She swoons after the coronation. She starts for Domrémy. She breaks her sword on the back of a vulgar wench. "The dark indecision of her flesh was washed clean in blood." The "wide sensual mouth across her sanguine cheeks" does not quite leave space enough for her fearless eyes.

Yet France has recognized in this creation her ideal. It has rallied to the author's unexpected volte face. Mr. Cowley tells us that M. Delteil had been supposed to be of the left before this book appeared. Now he tears himself away from the company of Anatole France and "the dry agnostics who smile with all their teeth." "The rationalistic attitude seems infinitely petty and mean before a Joan of Arc." And the nation rejoices. The "prix femina" goes to him. Some thirty or forty editions are struck off, and a great "lyrical novel" has sung itself into the wistful heart of a people.

It is too thrilling a book to miss, but it falls short of greatness. It flies too obviously in the face of history. It cheapens martyrdom with sentimentality and coarsens it with fleshliness. But it fits with accuracy our impatience, our delight in strong sensation. There are always those who prefer "Christ" to Jesus, a figure of the brain to the holy mystery hidden forever at the depth of another's eyes.

A. W. VERNON.

The Twin Pillars

Pushkin, by Prince D. S. Mirsky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 266 pages. $2.50.

Gogol, by Janko Lavrin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 263 pages. $2.50.

THE Republic of Letters series, under the editorship of Dr. William Rose, was recently inaugurated with Mr. Aldington's admirable study of the life and genius of Voltaire. Two new additions to this set of semi-biographical, semi-critical volumes deal with the twin pillars of Russian literature: Pushkin and Gogol.

Since Doctor Rose allowed his name to be printed on the title-page of Prince Mirsky's book, it is to be imagined that he read it, in manuscript or in proof, before publication. But he seems to have foregone all the usual privileges of an editor. Apparently he made no effort to correct Prince Mirsky's solecisms or to control his verbal tics. These are a source of amusement or irritation, according to one's mood.

The book is presumably intended for readers who, being unacquainted with Russian, cannot read Pushkin in the original, and know nothing of even the most noteworthy critical commentaries on the poet in his own tongue. There

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are some indications that Prince Mirsky is aware of these facts. But on occasion he ignores them.

At one point the author observes judiciously: "As Pushkin's art consists chiefly in the fitness of his words and in the absolute consistency of the sounds and rhythms, even the best translation may give about as much an idea of the beauty of a poem of his as a good map of the beauty of a landscape." This does not prevent the Prince from citing the poet on page after page, in an English as devoid of color, salt and cadence as a deaf-mute of eloquence. The "mellifluous" quality of Pushkin's verse is attested to with tireless iteration, only to be traduced by intolerable renderings of his lines. Further, the author has made a point of printing, in an appendix, several selections from what he describes, with pleased surprise, as "a whole series of good metrical translations" by a certain Thomas Budge Shaw. Two testimonies to Mr. Shaw's excellence and Prince Mirsky's taste may be quoted:

> Yes! I remember well our meeting,
> When first thou dawnedst on my sight . . .
>
> No! for his trump the signal sounded,
> Her glorious race when Russia ran;
>
> His hand, 'mid strife and battle, founded
> Eternal liberty for man!

The Prince is even more inept as a biographer than as a critic. In an early chapter he informs his readers that "Karamzin's influence on Pushkin though not immediately apparent, was very deep, and contributed to change the radical of 1818 into the Imperialist and enlightened Conservative of 1830." One might expect that the monograph would trace, among other things, the course of this change. But not so. The author merely gives a bare recital of the facts of Pushkin's life which adds nothing to our understanding of his development, and less than nothing to our knowledge of the Russian scene during his lifetime. There is not a page on which Pushkin comes alive, not a single passage which wins our affection or compassion for him. The book gives ample proof that Prince Mirsky worships Pushkin as a poet, and he seems also—though this is less obvious—to admire him as a man. It has been said that each, after his own fashion, kills the thing he loves. Prince Mirsky has done it "with a kiss."

Mr. Lavrin's work on Gogol is in refreshing contrast to the book considered above. If it lacks the distinction of Mr. Aldington's manner, it avoids, on the other hand, the ineptitudes of Prince Mirsky's. The author was at an advantage over Pushkin's biographer in that he handled a prose writer, and so found citation easier. He was otherwise assisted by a working knowledge of the language in which he writes, and by an acute intelligence. The only difficulty with the book is that the biographer permitted himself the use of the psychological jargon which belongs to psychopathology more properly than to literature. He may perhaps be excused, since he presents Gogol, very convincingly, as a psychopathic case.

As Mr. Lavrin shows him, Gogol was a sensitive, proud, spoiled child, who grew up unable to fit himself into the world in which he had to live, and without ever reaching sexual maturity. "Being unable to adapt himself to actual life and actual surroundings, he had one alternative left: either to escape from them into the romantic atmosphere of his childhood, into his own legendary Ukraine; or to describe them in such a way as to *expose* the given reality, to take revenge upon it by proving that it is unworthy of existence. And the more he wanted to prove this, the more realistic the data he accumulated with which to show that he was right in refuting it. Psychologically, Gogol's 'realism' thus became a kind of *inverted romanticism.*" The bulk of the volume is given over to proving this very plausible thesis, and the final chapters deal with the tragedy that overtook the novelist when, seeking to comfort himself for the bleak present in a vision of life as it should and could be, he sacrificed his art and himself to a withering religious ideal.

On the last pages Mr. Lavrin indicates briefly the influence of Gogol upon the literature produced in Russia since his death, from Aksakov down to Biely. He concludes: in their best work some of the outstanding Russian authors "are usually more concerned about great life than about great art—a tendency which makes them strive after a plane where art grows not apart from man, but together with him. The ultimate tragedy of Gogol was that he could not attain to such a plane—since Gogol the artist was so immeasurably greater than Gogol the man. And he had to pay a big price for this discrepancy: entangled in his own inner difficulties, he was wrecked at last both as man and as artist. He was a victim of his own impossible craving—the craving to reach that point where great art and great life meet and merge into one." The value of Mr. Lavrin's work lies in the fact that he has shown us at once the power of Gogol the artist, and the fatal spiritual poverty of Gogol the man.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Recent Fiction

Banzai, by John Paris. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE author, at one time attached to the British embassy in Tokyo and writing under the name of John Paris, knows well certain phases of Japanese life. In Banzai he indicates his familiarity with geisha and yoshiwara problems, with student life and restaurants. But Banzai is much more trivial than the author's previous novels of Japanese life, Kimono and Sayonara. The Japanese rogue who is the hero of this attenuated character study is not an entirely unpleasant chap, even though he robs his benefactors. The most interesting chapters describe Takao Ono's mischievous childhood and his student days in Tokyo. His life in London is a mere thread on which to string his reminiscences. When Takao disappears finally like a shadow on the shoji, no one cares what becomes of him. The Japan Society need not be alarmed that this is sinister propaganda against Japan. Takao Ono, except that he happens to be born in Japan, might be any restless ronin of London or Paris or New York, bored with strait-laced conventions and completely demoralized by the War.

E. W.

Two or Three Graces, and Other Stories, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THERE is really only one Grace in the title story, but Mr. Huxley applies his familiar method of turning the figure facet by facet and examining each polished surface, so that in the end a simple character seems complex and infinitely wearied by its surrounding complex-

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ity. The story concerns people who are bores, and Mr. Huxley has to some extent suited his method to his material. Once Grace herself enters, the story moves quickly enough and with that treacherous lightness which may well mislead one as to the weight of the cargo the author is carrying. In Two or Three Graces the problem is the essentially tragic one of the inability to achieve self-realization, but it is ostensibly told by a staid, if sympathetic, spokesman, and it is chiefly by implication that we see through to Mr. Huxley as one of "us, the bitter and gay." A certain recklessness that characterized Antic Hay and some of the earlier short stories is missing here, and the work is less moving for it. The other three sketches in the volume are trifles, excursions into mood à la Katherine Mansfield, but not destined to add to Mr. Huxley's fame. R. M. F.

Odtaa, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN Odtaa, as previously in Sard Harker, Mr. Masefield celebrates a youth's consecrated struggle, alone, against hostile man and hostile nature. The first part of Odtaa builds up a background of intrigue in Santa Barbara, Mr. Masefield's own aromatic blend of Central American political legend, through which the life of the heroine is endangered; an English youth undertakes a solitary venture to save her. All Mr. Masefield's fine gifts of imagination and his power of compelling excitement and terror make this pilgrimage great adventure. In it his interest centres to such an extent that the dénouement of his plot is relegated to an appendix. With unaccountable detachment he makes the fate of Carlotta independent of the success of the hero, and we read, again in the appendix, that she has perished almost before he begins his journey. A plausible gloss of Odtaa is, One Damn Thing After Another. H. G.

The Fourth Queen, by Isabel Paterson. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

MRS. PATERSON is a raconteur of ability, a stylist of charm, a historian surpassing both. The story moves with the swift grace of an English frigate; it has the vitality of its sturdy crew. Through the chicanery, love and color of her court moves Queen Elizabeth—a woman, not a royal android. With rare skill Mrs. Paterson reveals just enough of her to send the mind flying off to create a dozen novels and treatises on the result of loneliness, power, repressed love and heredity. The imagination lingers over the Queen, but deserts the hero, a young guardsman who kills seven Spaniards for a pair of earrings, and whose adventures and fidelity make him the paragon of young girls' dreams, the hero of many Cosmopolitan stories. E. L. B.

O Genteel Lady, by Esther L. Forbes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.

A COLORFUL account of the emergence of a feminist from a chrysalis of small town repressions, crinoline dresses and Victorian inhibitions. Lanice's ability to interpret in narrative her hitherto suppressed emotions and fantasies is awakened by Anthony Jones, a philanderer, with whom she falls in love. She follows him to Europe and while there perfects her vivid literary style.

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ice is realistic up to this point, but here Miss Forbes lently forgets Victorian youth and recalls Victorian els, for she marries off this increasingly interesting girl a sentimentally conventional man who burns her manupts to insure her domesticity. Consistency of character acrificed to a trite romantic ending, and the whole idea he book is hopelessly compromised. M. E. U.

)ne Tree, by A. M. Allen. Boston: Little, Brown Company. $2.50.

HE prevailing tone of One Tree, a novel of English fundamentalists, is one of stability. During the e generations which Miss Allen treats so skilfully and sympathetically, the little town gradually takes on a tone of worldliness as the factories with their ugly ing chimneys invade its streets. Extreme wealth and id poverty appear as the wedge of capitalism is thrust their agrarian lives, and even their beautiful new rnacle brings with it an invitation to worldliness. And hrough it all runs the love of peace—of home—which es these people cling to their land even in the face ts hated new commercialism. Miss Allen treats of peoand of situations that are homely—almost sordid—with such a balanced perspective that the high places beauty in life are there too. M. E. U.

Spring Running, by F. W. Bronson. New York: George Doran Company. $2.

ONVENT, university, a western ranch and Greenwich Village: each provides a setting for the youth some one of the group introduced in the first few chapers as children. And finally Deborah, who just missed eing lured into a nunnery by an "omen," and Charles, hose extreme sensitiveness and inability for self-orientaon have made his every attempt futile, rediscover each ther and marry. Spring Running is a success as a picure of modern youth. It is conspicuous for Mr. Bronon's casual treatment of the eccentricities of the younger neration—his willingness to grant that there still exist life young people whose actions and reactions do not ll for psychopathic study. The characterization is exllent and the conversation always entertaining and occaonally provocative of understanding amusement.

M. E. U.

Contributors

CLIFFORD SHARP, British journalist, is editor of The New Statesman.

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DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY, professor of History at Columbia University, is the author of Readings in American History, the Life of Thomas Jefferson, and other historical works.

A. W. VERNON, author of Turning Points in Church History, is professor of Biography at Dartmouth College.

BABETTE DEUTSCH (Mrs. Avrahm Yarmolinsky) is the author of two books of verse, Banners, and Honey Out of the Rock.

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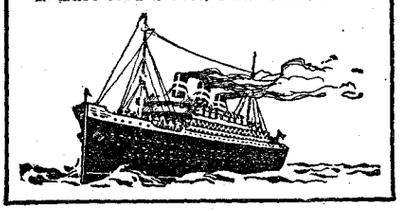

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